National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

VOL. XI....NO. 10. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1850. WHOLE NO. 530

Published Weekly, BY THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. Gay, New York.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. Gay, New-York.

Norris & Brother, Printers.

Selections.

SPEECH OF MR. WEBSTER,

ON THE COMPROMISE BILL,

In the United States Senate, July 17th, 1850.

Mr. President, it was my purpose, on Tuesday of last week, to have followed the honorable member from South Carolina, (Mr. Butler,) who was addressing the Senate on the morning of that day, with what I then had and now have to say on the subject of this bill. But before the honorable member had concluded his own remarks, it was announced here that the late Chief Magistrate of the United States was so dangerously ill that the Senate was moved to adjourn. The Senate adjourned, and the solemn event of the decease of the late Chief Magistrate was announced the next morning.

Sir, there are various reflections which cannot but present themselves to the minds of men, growing out of that occurrence. The Chief Magistrate of a great republic died suddenly. Recently elected to the office by the spontaneous voice of the people, possessing in a high degree their confidence and regard, ere yet he had had a fair opportunity to develope the principles of his civil administration, he fell by the stroke of death. And yet, sir, mixed with the sad thoughts that this event suggested, and the melancholy feelings which spread over the whole country, the real lovers and admirers of our constitution and Government, in the midst of their grief and affliction for this loss, found something gratifying to their reflections. The executive head of a great nation had fallen suddenly. No disturbance arose; no shock was felt in a great and free republic. Credit, public and private, was in no way disturbed. Danger to the community or to individuals was nowhere felt. The National Legislature was not prorogued; nor was there any further delay in the exercise of the ordinary functions of every branch of the Government than such as was necessary for the indulgence—the proper indulgence—of the grief which afflicted Government and People.

Sir, for his country General Taylor did not live long enough. But there were circumstances attending his death that were so fortunate, that, for his own fame and character, and for the gratification of all to whom he was most dear, he may be said to have died fortunately.

"That life is good which answers life's great end."

Bred a soldier, accomplished in his profession, he had achieved all that was to be expected from him in that character. Placed at the head of the Government, as I have said, by the free voice of the people, he died in the midst of domestic affection and domestic peace. He died in the full possession of the gratitude of his country. He died in the consciousness of duty performed. He died in the midst of the counsels of his country. His country, through us, its organs, have bestowed on him those marks of affection, grand and imposing, such as the republic pours on the most distinguished of her sons. He has run the race destined for him by Providence. He sleeps with the blessings of his countrymen.

"Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade!"

Mr. President, I proceed to say now, on the subject of this bill, what it was my purpose to have said last Tuesday. And I begin by remarking that the longer we stay in the midst of this agitation—the longer a final disposition is put off or postponed—the greater is the intensity of that anxiety which possesses my breast. I wish, sir, to harmonize opinions as far as I can. I wish to facilitate some measure of conciliation. I wish to consummate some proposition or other that will bring opinions together and give the country repose.

It is not my purpose to-day to compare or contrast measures which have been proposed. A measure was proposed by President Polk, in his message of 1848. It was substantially repeated in the message of the late President in 1849. And then there is before us this proposition of the committee of thirteen. I do not regard these as opposite, opposing, or (to use the language of the day) as antagonistical propositions to all. To a certain extent, they all agree. Beyond what was proposed, either by Mr. Polk or the late President of the United States, this report of the committee and the bill now before us propose to go a step further. These suggestions, and especially that of the late President of the United States, were to admit California, and for the present to stop there.

The bill before the Senate proposes to admit California, and also to make proper provision—a provision proper or not, as the Senate may judge—for the Territories of New Mexico and Utah. And I confess, sir, that my judgment from the first has been that it was indispensable that Congress should make some provision for these Territories. But I have been careless whether the things necessary to be done were done in one bill or in separate bills, except that as a matter of expediency, it has been my opinion from the beginning that it would have been better to have proceeded measure by measure. That was a matter of judgment upon the expediency of the case. I was of this committee of thirteen. Circumstances called me to my own home. It seemed to be the general opinion of the committee at that time, I thought, that it would be better to admit California, and then take up the other measures. Upon further consideration the committee very fairly, I doubt not, in the exercise of their best judgment and discretion, thought it would be better to unite the three objects which are in this bill.

Well, whether single or united together, every one of these objects meets my approbation, and is in my judgment a desirable object. In the first place, I think it is a desirable object to admit California. I do not conceal from myself, or wish to conceal from others, that California is before us with some degree of irregularity in her proceedings. She has not been through the previous process of a Territorial existence. She has formed this constitution without our consent. But I look upon it that California, from the extraordinary circumstances which have attended her birth and progress to the present moment, entitles herself, from the necessity of the case, to an exception from ordinary rule. Who expected to see such a great community spring up there in such an incredibly short space of time? Who expected to see more than a hundred thousand people engaged in so much employment, with so much commerce, and activity and enterprise, and drawing to themselves the attention of the whole world, within the period of a few months? Her constitution has been framed upon republican models, conformably to the Constitution of the United States. And under these circumstances, still admitting that her application is premature and irregular, yet there has been nothing done which an admission on our part will not cure. She will be lawfully in the Union, if we admit her into the Union. Therefore, I have no hesitation on that ground.

Then, with regard to the Territories, I have been and am of opinion that we should not separate at the end of this session of Congress without making suitable provision for their government. It is not safe to let things stand as they are. Sir, it has been thought that there might be such a thing as admitting California, and stopping there. Well, it is not impossible, in the nature of things, that such a course of policy should be adopted, if it could meet with proper concurrence. But then I have always supposed, sir, that if we were now acting on California as a separate measure, and should, in the prosecution of that measure, admit California into the Union, the question arises, what then? I have never supposed that the questions respecting the Territories would be put at rest, even for the present. I have supposed that the very next thing to be done would be to take up the subject of the Territories, and the necessity of governments in the Territories, and prosecute that subject until it should be in some manner terminated by Congress; and that it should be the subject still which would occupy Congress, to the exclusion of all the ordinary subjects of legislation, until it is disposed of. I am not authorized to say so, for I do not know the opinions of the honorable members of the Committee on Territories. Here sits near me the honorable member from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) at the head of that Committee; I take it for granted he can say whether I am right or not, that if we should this day admit California alone, he would to-morrow feel it his duty to bring in bills for the government of the Territories, or to make some disposition of them.

Mr. Douglas.—Does the Senator wish me to say?

Mr. Webster.—Certainly. I should like to know.

Mr. Douglass.—Mr. President, if California should be admitted by herself, I should certainly feel it my duty, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, to move to take up the Territorial bills at once, and to put them through, and also the Texas boundary question, and to settle them in detail if they are not settled in the aggregate; and I can say that such is the opinion and determination of a majority of that committee.

Mr. Webster.—Then, sir, it is as I supposed; we shall not get rid of the subject, even for the present, by admitting California. Now, sir, it is not wise to conceal from ourselves our condition. If we admit California, my honorable friend from Illinois will then bring in a bill for Territorial Governments for New Mexico and Utah. We must open our eyes to the state of opinion in the two Houses respectively, and endeavor to foresee what would be the effect of such a bill. If it be a bill containing the principle of exclusion we knew it could not pass this House; if it be a bill without the principle of exclusion we know what difficulties it would encounter elsewhere; so that we very little relieve ourselves from the embarrassing circumstances of the condition in which we are by taking up California and acting upon it alone. I am, therefore, sir, decidedly—decidedly in favor of passing the bill in the form in which it is. But, sir, if it be the pleasure of the Senate to vote upon the motion that it is proposed to make to the Senate shortly, for laying this whole measure on the table, and thereby to dispose of this bill, I can only for one say, that if this measure is defeated by that proceeding, or any other, I hold myself not only inclined, but bound to consider any other measure that may be proposed, because the case is pressing; the circumstances of the country are urgent. When, in this country, have we had any foreign question, if I may so say, any exterior question that has occupied the consultations of Congress for seven months like this, and yet come to no result? When have we had a subject before us that has paralyzed all the operations of government, that has displaced all the regular proceedings of the two Houses of Congress, and has left us at the end of seven months of the session without the ordinary annual appropriation bills? When have we ever had before, in the history of this Government, such an occurrence as that? What is now proposed is, to make a Territorial Government for New Mexico and Utah without restriction.

I feel authorized to assume, from the circumstances before us, that it is in the power of the gentlemen of the South to decide whether these Territorial governments, without restriction, as provided in this bill, shall be established or not. I have voted against restrictions, for reasons which I have already given to the Senate, and may repeat; but it now lies with Southern gentlemen to say whether this bill, thus providing for Territorial governments without restriction, shall pass or not; and they will decide that question, doubtless, by reference to what will happen if they do not pass it. Now, sir, I am prepared to say that if this measure does not pass, I am ready to go for any measure that can pass and will pass, I shall never consent to leave this session of Congress until some provision be made for New Mexico. Utah is less important. Let her repose herself on her salt plains, on the borders of her salt lakes, another year, if it be necessary. (A laugh.) But as to New Mexico, situated as she is, with the controversy on hand which she has with her more powerful neighbor Texas, I shall never consent to the adjournment of Congress till proper provision be made for evading collision and settling the question of the highest importance between that Territory and that State. No, sir, I have the strongest objection to a premature creation of States. I have stated that objection, in the Senate two years ago. The bringing in of small States, and with a very small number of people, with an equal repesentation in the Senate with the representation of the largest States in the Union, deranges and disturbs the proper balance between the Senate and the House of Representatives in Congress. It makes the Senate a kind of oligarchy. There may be six or eight or ten small States, in the Southwest, having as many Senators in Congress as they have Representatives. This objection is founded upon incongruity which such a case produces in the constitutional relation of the Senate and House. It disfigures the symmetry of the Government, and in this respect it does not make the slightest possible difference, in my estimation, whether they are to be free States or slave States. I am not disposed to make a territory that is immature, and not fit to come into the Union on account of the want of population, a State. That it will be a free State does not weigh with me a hair. But my objection has been and is, as I have stated, or attempted to state, that the admission of such States with a small amount of population deranges the system—it makes the Senate what it was never intended by the constitution to be. But, nevertheless, sir, as I favor the admission of California, although she presents herself before us after some irregularities in her course of proceeding, there are greater evils, in my judgment, than the admission of New Mexico as a State now at once, or than the provision that she shall be admitted in a certain time hereafter. I do not think that so great an evil as to leave New Mexico without a government, without protection, on the very eve of probable hostilities with Texas, so far as I can discern, and, to my mind, with the highest degree of probability that there will arise collision, contest, and for aught I know, bloodshed, in case that it should so happen that the boundary of New Mexico, should not be settled by Congress. Sir, I know no question so important, connected with all these matters, as the settlement of the Texan boundary. It immediately and intimately, in my judgment, touches the question of the duration of peace and quiet in the country, and I cannot conceive how gentlemen, looking upon this subject in all its aspects, can content themselves with the idea of retiring from their seats here, and leaving this subject where it is. I should be derelict in my duty if I did not persist to the last in bringing it to a decision by the authority of Congress. If a motion be made, as it has been announced it is intended to be made, to lay this bill upon the table, and that motion prevails, why, this measure is dead. Then there must be a resort to some other measure; and I am disposed to say, and will say, that in case of the failure of this bill I shall be in favor of a bill which will provide for three things, namely, the admission of California with its present constitution and boundaries, the settlement of the Texas boundary, and the admission of New Mexico as a State. Such a measure will tend to a full and final termination of the controversies which now agitate us, and relieve the country from distraction.

Sir, this measure is opposed by the North, or some of the North, and by the South, or some of the South, and it has the remarkable misfortune to be opposed by persons most precisely opposed to each other in every matter concerning the principle of the bill.

There are those—I do not speak of course of members of Congress, and I desire to be understood as making no allusions whatever, in what I may say, to members of this House or the other—but there are those in the country who say, on the part of the South, "by this bill the South gives up every thing to the North, and we will fight it to the last;" and there are those on the part of the North who say, "this bill gives up everything to the South, and we will fight it to the last;" and really, sir, strange as it may seem, this disposition to make battle upon the bill by persons who never agreed upon anything before under the light of heaven, has created a sort of fellowship and good feeling among them. (Laughter.) One says, "give me your hand, you are a good fellow; (renewed laughter,) you mean to go against the bill to the death, because it gives up the rights of the South; I mean to go against the bill to the death, because it gives up the rights of the North." So they shake hands and cry out, "down with the bill," and then unitedly raise the cry—

A day or hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Now, sir, I ascribe nothing but the best and purest motives to any of the gentlemen on both sides of this chamber, and in the other House who take that view of this subject which differs from my own. I cannot but regret, certainly, that gentlemen who sit around me here, and especially my honorable colleague, (Mr. Davis) and our friends from Massachusetts in the other branch of Congress, are led by a conscientious sense of duty to oppose a measure which I feel bound by my conscience to support. They are quite as high-minded, as patriotic, as pure, every way as well-intentioned as I am, and, sir, to go by majorities, I must confess that my friends from Massachusetts would defeat me; but still, sir, my own opinions are not changed in the slightest degree. I feel that the very interests of the State, in whose representation I bear a part here, as well as the very great interests of the whole country, require that this measure, or some equivalent measure, some healing, composing, consolatory measure, should be adopted by Congress before its adjournment. That is my object, and I shall steadily pursue it.

Well, sir, how does it stand, if I may analyze the matter a little, both in regard to the North and to the South? Massachusetts is a Northern State, and she may be taken as an example or sample of Northern interests in the subjects connected with this bill? What does she gain by it? What does she lose by it? Why, if this bill passes, Massachusetts and the North gain what is quite an object to them, the admission of California as a free State, with her present constitution; a very intensely desirable object, as I believe, to the whole North. She gains, also, sir, the quieting of the New Mexican question and the Texan boundary, which, in my judgment, as I have said, is the most important of all these matters, because most immediately menacing evil consequences, if such consequences be not arrested by this or some similar measure. She gains the quiet of New Mexico, she gains the settlement of the Texan boundary, objects very desirable. More than all that, sir—if anything can be more than that—she gains, and the whole North gains, and the whole country gains, the final adjustment of by far the greater part of all the Slavery questions. When I speak of this bill in this connection, I mean also to connect with it the other subjects recommended by the committee, and I say that if the whole report of that committee could be carried out to-day, one of the greatest of all the possible benefits to be derived to the whole country is this, that it settles, to the extent of far more than the majority of them, all the questions connected with Slavery which have so long agitated the country. And then, sir, Massachusetts gains, and the North gains, and the whole country gains, a restoration of the governments to the exercises of its ordinary functions. The North and the South, and the whole country, will see Congress replaced in its position of an active, beneficial, and parental legislature for the whole country. Is it not of the utmost importance that this restoration of Congress to the exercise of its ordinary functions should be accomplished? Here we are seven or eight months from the beginning of the session, and hardly able to keep the government alive. All is paralysis. We are brought nearly to a stand. We are all suspended upon this one topic, on this one idea, as if there were no objects in government, no uses in government, no duties in those who administer the government, but to settle *one* question.

And now, sir, what do Massachusetts and the North—the Anti-Slavery States—lose by this adjustment? What is it they lose? I put that question to every gentleman here, and to every gentleman in the country. They lose the application of what is called "the Wilmot Proviso" to these Territories, and that is all. There is nothing else, I suppose, that the whole North are not ready to do. They wish for California; they wish to quiet New Mexico; they desire to terminate the dispute about the Texan boundary in any reasonable manner, cost what it reasonably may. They make no sacrifice in all that. What they do sacrifice is exactly this, the application of the Wilmot Proviso to the Territory of Mexico and the Territory of Utah. Now, what is the value of that sacrifice? What is the value of it in a reasonable man's estimate? The value of it depends upon its necessity. If in any reasonable man's judgment, the necessity of the application of this proviso to New Mexico is apparent, why then there is value in it to those who hold that the further extension of Slavery is to be resisted as a matter of principle. But if it be not necessary, if circumstances do not call for it, why, then there is no value in the Wilmot Proviso, and no sacrifice made in refusing to apply it, or declining to apply it. That is the question.

Now, sir, allow me to say that the Wilmot proviso is no matter of principle. It is a means to an end. It cannot be raised to the dignity of a principle. The principle of the North I take to be that there shall be no further extension of slave territory. Let that be admitted, what then? It does not follow that in every case you must come down with a "Wilmot." If there are other circumstances, true and veritable, such as influence and control the judgment of reasonable men, rendering it unnecessary, for the establishment of that principle, to apply a measure which is obnoxious and disagreeable to others, and received by them as derogatory to their equality as members of the Union, then I say it is neither kind, patriotic, nor just to apply it. My honorable colleague (Mr. Davis) admitted the other day, with great propriety and frankness, that if it could be made certain, or if it were certain, that natural causes necessarily excluded Slavery from New Mexico, then the restriction ought not to be inserted in the bill? Did I understand him rightly? [Mr. Davis assented.] Now, by "certainty," I suppose my honorable colleague meant not mathematical certainty, but that high probability, that moral certainty which governs men in all the concerns of life. Our relations to society, our duties to society, our objects in society, are all measured by that high probability which is something short of mathematical certainty, but which we are bound to act upon in every concern of daily life and of public or private life. Now the question, therefore—and I address myself to gentlemen of the North—is this: Is the probability of the exclusion of Slavery from New Mexico by natural causes, so high and strong and conclusive, as that we should act upon the same degree of probability applied to other questions, in civil, moral, and social life? I shall not recur to what I have said upon this subject, for I suppose that my friend from Pennsylvania (Mr. Cooper), and my friend from Connecticut (Mr. Smith) who discussed this matter latterly, have left it as much demonstrated, as any problem of a moral and political nature can be demonstrated, that it is true that New Mexico is not a country in which Slavery exists, or into which it ever can be introduced. If it be not so, if anything further is necessary to be added to that, here we have laid before us an authenticated expression of the inhabitants of that country, who it is agreed on all hands have the ultimate right of decision upon the subject, that they are opposed to it. Well, then, what is it that is yielded, but a mere abstraction, a naked possibility, upon which no man would act, upon which no man would venture a farthing now for a great inheritance to be bestowed upon him when Slavery shall be established in New Mexico. Now, that there is an authentic declaration upon the subject, by the people of New Mexico themselves what is there that should lead us to hesitate in settling this matter? Why should we proceed on the ground of an abstract principle—of adhering to the Wilmot proviso? I must be permitted to say, that as applied to this case, it is all an abstraction. I do not mean to say that the injunction against Slavery in the ordinance of 1787 was an abstraction, but I say that the application of it to this case is a mere abstraction. It does not affect the state of things in the slightest degree. Every thing is to be now and remain hereafter, with or without that restriction, just as it would the other way. It is, therefore, in my judgment as a mere abstraction.

I am sorry, sir, that my friend from Connecticut, who has studied this case a great deal more than I have—studied it while a member of the other House with great diligence, and has demonstrated, beyond the possibility of any reasonable doubt, that there can be no Slavery in the Territories about which we are speaking, that the South are mistaken in supposing it possible to derive any benefit from it, and that the North are mistaken in supposing that it will ever need any prohibition there—I was sorry to see that my very able friend, having demonstrated the case, did not carry out his own demonstration. After all it was in opposition to this bill, and it followed one of the clearest and strongest demonstrations in its favor that ever I heard from the mouth of man. Well, for what reason? The gentleman said he was instructed by his Legislature to oppose it, and on the whole, he did not feel it his duty to depart from those instructions.

It has become, sir, an object of considerable importance to the history of this Government to inquire how far instructions given, *ex parte*, and under one state of circumstances, are to govern those who are to act under another state of circumstances, and not *ex parte*, but upon a hearing of the whole matter. The proposition that a member of this Government, in giving a vote to bind all the country, is to take as his instructions the will of a small part of the country, whether in his own State or elsewhere, is one that is above or below all argument. Where men are sworn to act conscientiously for the good of the whole, according to their judgments and opinions, if an argument is propounded that they are nevertheless bound to take the individual opinions of a few, and be conclusively bound by them, why the question is presented, and all that belongs to it is presented, in the very statement. I know, that, in a popular government like ours, instructions will be given, and instructions will be sought for, pledges will be required, and pledges will be given, for it is in the nature of the case. Public men in this country love the people, and they love popular applause, and they are willing to make promises; and we are well told that "when the blood boils, the soul gives prodigally vows to the tongue." This has been our practice, especially in some States, where such instructions are a little bit of domestic electioneering, and become constitutions, often above the Constitution of the United States, for the government of people who come here to transact public business and act for the country. Well, they are often given under circumstances very remote from what exists, when they come to act, and, I am sorry to say, often given with collateral views. I will not say when or where, but I am very much inclined to think we should find in the history of the country cases in which instructions are readily given, or withheld, as the few votes of a little fragment or section of party may be or may not be obtained thereby.

Sir, it is curious enough to observe how this idea, that a member chosen into a popular body to act for the whole is bound by the instructions of those who elect him, is received as a moral sentiment in some countries, and how differently it is received in others. We, according to our notions and habits think it not only allowable, but that it is the duty of a member of Congress to fulfil his instructions, given by his own people and a single district, though his vote binds the interests, the honor, the glory and renown of twenty millions of people. As an instance of the various views taken of this subject as a question of morals, I would refer, or might refer, to what happened in the Chambers of France some years ago, perhaps while the honorable member from Michigan, (Mr. Cass,) was residing in Paris, but I believe shortly after his return. A gentleman who was a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies in France, promised his constituents that on a certain measure expected to come before the Chambers he would vote as they required. They required him to vote so and so, and he said he would do it. Well, he was chosen, and he came to the Chamber to take his seat. But ah, it was said not so fast! Objection was made: it was said that he did not come there as a fair man; he did not come there as an impartial man, to judge of the great interests of a great country in the questions before him—he came there pledged and trammelled down; he had given up his rights and pledged his vote; he did not stand there on an equality, therefore, with the other members, who came there independent and untrammelled, and bound to exercise their individual judgment. And they expelled him on that very ground, or rather rejected him. And whoever wishes to see one of the most beautiful disquisitions on political morals and the duty of those who represent the people that I know of since the time of Burke's speech at Bristol, will be gratified by reading Guizot's speech on that occasion. At any rate, coming there under pledges to give his vote for them, though against the majority, they held him not to be worthy to be a representative of France, and to act on questions in which the whole kingdom was concerned. For my part, I know how easily we glide into this habit of following instructions; I know that members of Congress intend to act conscientiously always; I believe they wish themselves, very frequently, free from these trammels—in short, sir, I have sometimes thought, when considering on this subject of the Wilmot proviso, that Congress itself needs the "Wilmot"—I have thought that if the genius of American liberty, or some angel from a higher sphere, could fly over the country with a scroll bearing the words, and with the power to give effect to those words, and those words should be; "Be it ordained that neither in the Senate nor in the House of Representatives in Congress assembled, there shall be Slavery nor involuntary servitude except for crime"—it would be a glorious and consoling honor and mercy to the Constitution of the country. Spirit of Nathan Dane, how could thou take so much pains to set men's limbs and motives free in the Territories, and never deign to add even a proviso for the freedom of conscience and opinion in the halls of Congress. [Applause.]

Now I think, sir, that every public consideration connected with the interests of the State, one of whose representatives and the most humble of them all I am, shows the absolute necessity of settling these questions at once upon fair and reasonable terms—the necessity of judging things according to their real importance, and not being carried away by 'gorgons, hydras, chimeras dire," to the disregard of what is substantial and valuable, important and essential in the administration of the Government. Why, Massachusetts, sir, one of the smallest States of the Union circumscribed within the limits of 8,000 square miles, of very barren, rocky, and sterile territory, possesses within its limits at this moment a million of people! With the same degree of population New York would have nearly 6,000,0000, and Virginia would have more than 7,000,000. Well, what are their occupations and pursuits? A very small portion of them live by the tillage of the land. They are engaged in those pursuits exactly which fall under the control and care, the preservation and the protection of the laws of this Government. Commerce, the fisheries, navigation, manufactures—every one of these is under the influence of the laws of this Government. At this very day, and on none of these subjects, does Congress ever pass a law that does not materially affect the habits and prosperity of Massachusetts, and of Rhode Island also. Then, sir, is it not of great importance to all these States that the Government should be carried on regularly—that it should have the power of action, motion and legislation? Is it not the greatest calamity that it should be all paralysed, hung up, pendant on one idea, as if there was no object in Government, no use in Government, no desirable protection from Government, no desirable legislation by Government except what relates to one idea. Sir, I cannot conceive that these great interests will be readily surrendered by the business men, the community, the laboring community, of the Northern States, upon abstractions, or upon naked possibilities that evil may ensue if a particular measure may not be adopted. Men must live—to live they must work—to work they must be protected in their employment—and how are they to live and work and educate their children, if in this way the business of society is stopped? Everything falls into a state of stagnation, and no man knows when he may expect the hour of redemption to draw nigh. Depend upon it—depend upon it—the people of the North wish to see an end put to this state of things. They desire to see a measure of conciliation and peace adopted: they desire to see harmony restored; they desire again to be in the enjoyment of good government, under the operation and sanction of good laws and that their daily labor, their daily employment, their daily means of living and of educating their families may continue undisturbed. And there has not been, in my acquaintance with the people of the country, a moment in which so much alarm has been felt, and so much sickening felt at the state of public affairs, in time of peace, as is now felt; at least through those portions of the country with whose sentiments I am acquainted. I leave others to judge for themselves, who may be more conversant with public opinion and possess more means of ascertaining it; but I believe it is the opinion of five-sixths of the whole community at the North that questions such as have occupied us here, should not be allowed any longer to embarrass the Government, and defeat the just hopes of those who maintain the Government, and expect to live under its protection.

Sir, I have alluded to the argument of my friend from Connecticut because it is the ablest one on this subject that I have read, and I have alluded to the vote he intends to give as a vote illustrative of what I consider the evils of instructing men before the case arises as to what shall be their course of conduct here. The member from Connecticut is as independent as any other man, and of course will not understand that I meant anything personal in what I have said. I take his case merely as an illustration of the impropriety of instructions.

Well, then, sir, I have stated what it appears to me the North gain and what they lose. And how is it with the South? Why, I think the South, the slaveholding States, if all these measures pass, will gain an acceptable and satisfactory mode for the reclamation of slaves. As to the territorial acquisitions, I am bound in candor to say, that, taking Maryland, for example, as one of the South, Maryland will gain exactly what Massachusetts loses—that is, nothing at all; for I have not the slightest idea that, by any form of legislation we may adopt, or anything we may do on the face of the earth, any provision could be made by which the Territory of New Mexico or of Utah could be made acceptable or useful to the holders of slaves.

Now, let me say, Mr. President, with great respect and kindness, that I wish Southern gentlemen to consider this matter calmly and deliberately.—There are none in this chamber certainly who desire a dissolution of the Union, nor in the other House of Congress; but all the world out of doors is not so wise and patriotic as all the world within these walls, and I am quite afraid that there are those who raise the loudest clamor against the Wilmot Proviso and restriction upon Slavery who would be extremely glad to have that restriction imposed. I believe there are those, stretching all along from here to the Gulf of Mexico, who cry out, let them put on further restrictions, let them push the South further, and then we shall know what we have to do. The Southern States gain an exemption from what they consider a derogatory inequality. They find themselves placed where they wished, so far as these Territories are concerned, on the ground of equality; and then they gain, in the general restoration of peace, harmony, and the progress of the Government, and the discharge of its functions in the usual and ordinary way.

Now, sir, one of the evils of the country, in my opinion, is the harsh judgment passed by one portion upon another, founded not upon the conduct of the North and the South generally, but upon the conduct of particular individuals. The exasperated representations, the unjust charges made by one against another, by a small portion of the community, each taken up on the other side, and each side desirous of making the most of it, are respected as being the sentiments reciprocally of the North and the South. The extravagant language or extravagant sentiments uttered by some in the South are carried along in the North as being Southern sentiment, and the whole South is denounced. In the same way, opinions springing from the Abolition societies and presses, which no man of character and sense, I think, can approve, being spread out at the South, charges founded thereupon are made against all the North as being Abolitionists, or as being tinctured with abolitionism. On the one side these charges are just as unfounded as on the other. It is a prejudice of which both sides must rid themselves, if they ever expect to remain together as Americans, or as brethren under one Government, enjoying the same blessings and renown now, and to enjoy the same destiny and glory hereafter.

The Nashville Address has been alluded to, and it has been, I think, charged upon the South as a sort of exposition or homily of Southern sentiment: I do not believe a word of it. Far be it from me to impute to the South generally the sentiments of the Nashville Convention. The Nashville Address is a studied disunion argument. It goes upon the ground that there must be a separation of the States, first because the North acts so unjustly to the South, the South must go off; and, secondly, if this were not so, and a better feeling should return, that such is the diversity of interests between the two portions of the country, that they cannot go on together. I do not think these sentiments—these disunion sentiments——

Mr. Barnwell—Will the Senator allow me to interrupt him for a moment?

Mr. Webster—With pleasure.

Mr. Barnwell—I should be glad if the Senator would refer me to any part of the Nashville Address containing the sentiments which he declares lead directly to disunion in any event, for such I understand to be the charge made against the Address.

Mr. Webster—What I said about this Address is this. I did not speak of its reference to any event whatever, but I say that the argument is that the general disposition of the North to invade the rights of the South—stating that this in general language—and, then, secondly, if that were States cannot keep together, because, first, of the not so, and if the North should come to a better temper in that respect, yet no permanen peace could be expected, and no Union long subsist, on account of diversity of interest, or, as they express it, for want of identity of interest between the North and the South.

Mr. Barnwell—If the Senator will allow me. With regard to the first part of the allegation, I have no doubt at all. It is the position of the address that, unless a great change can be effected in the temper of the Northern people in the treatment which they give to us on account of our institutions, no permanent union between us can endure. With regard to the latter part of the Senator's construction of the address, I contend that it contains no such sentiment as he ascribes to it. It states distinctly that, in the position which the different parts of the Union occupy with respect to each other, without the bond of identity of interest between them, it is absolutely essential that the South, with its sectional interests, should be independent of the control of the North.

Mr. Webster—What does this mean but separation, for God's sake?

Mr. Barnwell—Not at all, sir. By sectional interest, it means distinctly what I allege, and what all allege here, that upon this great institution of Slavery the North has no right whatever to interfere with the government of the Southern people. That is what the address means. If that interference is withheld, we do not contend that there is any necessity whatever for a dissolution of the Union. If that interference is persisted in, it is the language of the address, and it is the belief, I believe, of a large portion of the Southern people, that the Union cannot be made to endure.

Mr. Webster—It is hardly worth while to attempt a precise statement of the argument, perhaps, as I have not the paper before me; but, if I understand the argument, it is that which I have expressed, that even if the north were better behaved, there is a want of identity, which would prevent a long endurance of the Union. So far as the other remark is concerned, that we must abstain from any interference with their own peculiar laws, and respecting their own peculiar institutions, I hope, and know, that every sensible man at the North looks upon it so. I know that all at the North are of the opinion that the institution of Slavery, as it exists in the States, was originally intended to be, has ever been, and now justly is, entirely out of the scope and reach of the legislation of this Government.

But I was saying, sir, that I cannot, and shall not impute disunion sentiments to the South generally. Why, whom do I sit among? Whom have I associated with here for nearly thirty years in this Government? With as good Union men from the South as from any other portion of the country. And in this chamber, in late years, have there not been men from the South who have resisted everything that threatened danger to the Union? Have there not been men here from the South, who, at some chance of losing favor at home, have resisted the Mexican war and the acquisition of territory by arms? Nay, and who played the last stake, who resisted the ratification of the treaty after the conquest was made, by which these territories were brought under the control of this government? Sir, with these recollections, this knowledge of the character of men, and this opinion which I have of the entire loyalty of the great body of the South to the Union, I shall indulge in no general complaint, nor, so far as it comes within my view, shall I tolerate the complaint of disunion from the South. They participate in the same interests, they descend from the same revolutionary blood, they acknowledge the glory of the country to be as much theirs as ours; and I really believe they as much and as earnestly desire to promote, and defend, and secure for ever a permanent attachment to the North as the most intelligent men of the North do to perpetuate an attachment to the South. I believe that the North and the South, among the great mass of the intelligent people, and aside from the agitation in one part, are for the constitution and the Union; and God grant they may remain so; and if they do, nothing can overturn either the one or the other. (Applause.)

I am sorry to hear it said, because I thought it was unjust, that the madness and folly of the recent expedition to Cuba was Southern. Why, the South had no more to do with it than the city of Boston. It was a thing just as likely to arise in the city of New York as New Orleans, but that New Orleans is nearer the place proposed to be attacked. It is unjust, in my judgment, to say that such a violation of law was perpetrated by the South, or found any more apology or justification in the general mind at the South than it found in New York or Massachusetts. No, sir; the honorable member from Connecticut told the truth the other day, and I am obliged to him for telling the truth. I do not mean it is unusual with him [laughter] but I mean it is unusual in the course of this debate to hear the real truth spoken. He told us the truth in respect to these acquisitions, to the war which led the way for them, and to the treaty which consummated them. It was not the North and South who were rival parties to that transaction. It was party. It was the party who supported Mr. Polk in the election for the Presidency, and supported his measures while in the Presidency. The South undoubtedly, all the party of the Administration, took the lead; belonging to the party of the Administration, followed; and followed, sir, not as little lulus did the steps of his father, *non passibus æquis*, but the North kept up fully and entirely with the lead of the Southern gentlemen of the same party. And, therefore, I was glad the honorable member for Connecticut, instead of giving a normal and stereotyped speech against the South, told the truth about the history of these acquisitions.

There are other topics which I will pass over. I said something on a former occasion about the imprisonment of black citizens of the North, who go South in the course of commerce, and are there arrested. That is a source of serious complaint. We see that England has complained of it. I think it is unconstitutional. I think it is an evil that ought to be redressed, and I never yet could see any necessity for it. I am fully persuaded that there might be other means to relieve the cities to which these vessels go, without committing what is considered an outrage upon the rights of those who, when at home, are considered as American citizens. Sir, at the same time I am bound to say that I know nothing in the world to prevent any free citizen of Massachusetts, imprisoned under the law of Carolina, from trying the question of the constitutionality of that law. He may apply at once to a judge of any United States Court for a writ of *habeas corpus*. I do not think there is therefore, any great occasion for making it a matter for public discussion, for I think it is more calculated to inflame than allay excitement in the country. I feel bound to say, however, that the gentleman who went from Massachusetts for the purpose of having this question tested, was a man of most excellent character, and every way worthy of the high regard of all the people of the South.

Sir, I was in Boston some month or two ago, and happened to have occasion to say, and did say, that the public mind in Massachusetts and the North was laboring under certain prejudices, and that I should take some occasion, which I did not then possess, of stating what I supposed these prejudices to be, and how they had arisen. I shall say a few words on that subject. In the first place, I think, of course, that in the people of Massachusetts, or in the people of the North, there is no prejudice arising out of any ill will, or any want of patriotism, or any want of good feeling to the country. It all arises from misinformation, from the result of those laborious efforts, made incessantly for twenty years, to pervert in some way the public judgment and the public peace. Now, the fruit of this is an exaggerated sense of the evil of the reclamation of slaves, either from Massachusetts or other States. What produces that? The cases do not exist. There has not been a case within the knowledge of this generation, in which any man was taken from Massachusetts and sent back to Slavery, by process of law—not one. And yet hundreds of people in Massachusetts, who read nothing but the abolition papers, take it for granted that these cases arise weekly, and that men and sometimes families with children, are dragged back and consigned to Slavery in the South.

Mr. Hale—Will the Senator allow me to ask one question?

Mr. Webster—Certainly, sir.

Mr. Hale—I wish to inquire if the honorable Senator is not mistaken in point of fact with regard to no individual having been taken back from Massachusetts?

Mr. Webster—If so, I shall be glad to be corrected.

Mr. Hale—I think an individual, by the name of Pearson, was taken and brought back from Boston within three or four years.

Mr. Webster—I will state how that was. That was a case of kidnapping, by some person who claimed or pretended to claim the negro, and ran away with him by force. What I mean to say is, that no man under the Constitution and laws of the country, in this generation, has been sent back to Slavery from Massachusetts. I stated before, and state it now, that cases of violent seizure, by kidnapping, have occurred, and may occur again.

Now, sir, this prejudice has been produced by the incessant attrition of Abolition doctrine, by Abolition presses and Abolition lecturers, upon the common mind. No drum-head in the longest day's march

was ever more incessantly beaten than the feelings of the public in certain parts of the North. They have been beaten incessantly, every month, and every day, and every hour, by the din, and roll, and rub-a-dub of the Abolition presses and Abolition lecturers; and that it is which has created these prejudices. Sir, the principle of the restitution of runaway slaves is not objectionable, unless the Constitution is objectionable. If the Constitution is right in that respect, then the principle is right, and the law authorizing its exercise is right. If that be so, and if, there be no abuse of the right under any law of Congress, or any other law, then what is there to complain of? Now, I say, not only so far as I can learn, has there been no case of the reclamation of a slave by his master, which ended in taking him back again to Slavery, in this generation; but I add, so far as I have been able to go back in my researches, so far as I have been able to hear or learn, there has never been one case of a false claim. Who knows, in all New England, a case of a false claim set up against a fugitive slave? There may have been one, but I do not know of any. Nor is there any danger, when all the community are alive upon the subject, as they are, especially at this time.

But I pass over that, and say that what seems extraordinary is, that this practice of restitution, which has existed two hundred years in the country, and without complaint, sometimes as a subject of agreement between the North and the South, and sometimes as a matter of comity between the North and the South, should, at once, or in the length of time I have mentioned, become a subject of so much excitement. I happen to have in my hand a letter from Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, to Governor Endicott of Massachusetts, written in 1644, more than two hundred years ago; in which he says that a certain gentleman (naming him) has lost some slaves. He supposes they have run away to the jurisdiction of Governor Endicott. Their names are so and so. And—what the gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. Clay) will be glad to hear as a precedent for the proper course of proceeding in such cases—this gentleman made it appear in court that they were his slaves, and had run away. He goes on to say, "we expect you to use all kind offices for the restoration of these servants to their masters, as we on our part will restore servants which may come to our jurisdiction." At that date, I do not suppose there were many slaves in Massachusetts, but there was an extensive system of apprenticeship. Hundreds and thousands of persons were bound as apprentices, and often ran away, and were as likely to run to Virginia as elsewhere: and I believe it is true, as this letter states, that they were returned upon the demand of their masters. So true is that, that it was found necessary in the early laws of Massachusetts, to make a provision for the seizure and return of apprentices, and in all the revisions of the statutes of Massachusetts that have been made, that provision has remained. Here it is, and it provides that runaway apprentices may be secured upon the application of the master, and put into jail till they can be sent for by their masters: nor is there any trial by jury in their case. I say, therefore, that this exaggeration of the evil, and mischief, and danger arising from this right of reclamation, is the fruit of a prejudice that ought no longer to abuse the public mind.

I will also say, with great respect to gentlemen who sit here and think differently, that I think it is a prejudice to insist so strongly upon the application of the Wilmot proviso to this territory, because of its apparent inapplicability, and of its want of real necessity, and since it is in some degree offensive and disgusting to the people of the Southern States. The Northern prejudice against the South is just exactly that which exists at the South against the North. It consists in imputing to a whole quarter of the country the extravagance of individuals.

Sir, I will dwell no longer upon these subjects. I am rather led into them by an observation of my own, not made here, and I return to a few more remarks upon the general question. I will say, however, before I part with this subject, that the State in whose representation I bear a part, is a union State. She is attached to the principles of the Constitution. She connects all her history from colonial times together, and reflects upon the past as being all a great column, a monument of renown, in common to her and the rest of the States. The glory of the revolution, the military renown achieved by it, the great achievements of those who established this constitution, and all the blessings that have been derived from it for sixty or seventy years; all these make up a history in which she has taken a part, and the whole of which she enjoys as the most precious thing on earth, to be brought home to her recollections. She is a State for the Union, and she will be for the Union. It is the law of her destiny, it is the law of her situation, it is a law imposed upon her by all her recollections of the past, and by every interest of hers from the present, and every hope of hers for the future.

Mr. President, it has always appeared to me to be a grateful reflection, that, however short and transitory may be the lives of human beings, States may be permanent. The great corporations that spread their influence over mankind to protect their labors and secure their happiness, may have something of perpetuity, and, as we might say, something of immortality. And, for my part, I often enough console myself and gratify myself by looking forward to see what in the future will be the condition of that generous State which has done me the honor to keep me in the councils of the country so many years. I see nothing about her in prospect, but what encircles her now. I am sure that when I, and all those that hear me, shall have gone to our last home, and when the mould may have gathered on our memories possibly, as it will on our tombs, that State, so early to take her part in the great contest of the revolution, will stand as she does and as the column that near her capital perpetuates the memory of the first great war of the country. I believe, sir, that if commotion shall shake the country, these will become rock forever, as solid as the granite of her hills, for the Union to repose upon. I believe that if disasters arise, bringing clouds which shall obscure the ensign now over her, and over us, there will be but one star that will burn the brighter amid the darkness of that night; and I believe that, if in the remotest ages—and I trust they will be infinitely remote—an occasion shall occur when the sternest duties of patriotism are to be performed, that Massachusetts will imitate her own example: and that, as at the breaking out of the revolution, she was the first and foremost to offer the outpouring of all her blood, and all her treasure in the struggle for liberty, so she will be hereafter ready, when the emergency shall arise, to repeat and renew that offering with a thousand times as many warm hearts, and a thousand times as many strong hands.

But now, Mr. President, to return to the practical and important question before us. What are we to do, and how are we to bring this important measure to an end and issue? The main question is important. That I admit. But here we have been seven months and a half, disputing about questions which, in my judgment, after all, are of little importance to one or the other part of the country. Are we to dwell forever on a single topic, a single idea? Are we to forget all the uses for which government was instituted, to dispute about that which appears to some wholly unimportant? I think the country calls on us to settle this question; that it calls loudly and imperatively; and I think further, that the whole world is looking to see whether this great republic can get through with such a crisis. We are "the observed of all observers." It is not to be disputed that the eyes of Christendom are upon us. We have stood through many trials; can we stand through this, which partakes so much of the nature of a sectional controversy? Why, sir, there is not a reading man in all Europe who does not ask himself that question every day when he reads what is done here every morning. Cannot this country, with one set of interests at the North and another at the South, cannot it see, cannot its people see, what is so evident to every philosophic mind, that the Union is nevertheless one? Will they not see that, and maintain the constitution established by their fathers? That is the question. I agree that it requires something more than common virtue. I agree that these feelings of division are to be put away, that they are to be overturned, as well as all those excited and belligerent feelings which lead us to say if you do this I will do that, which tend to get up an intestine war, first of opinion, then of belligerent legislation, and then of arms. The question is, whether we have virtue and patriotism and Americanism enough in our hearts to avert and avoid these evils. For the solution of that question the whole world is now looking at us with extreme anxiety.

For myself, I propose to abide by the principles which I have avowed. I shall stand by the Union and all who stand by it. I shall do justice to the whole country, according to the best of my ability, in all I say, and shall act for the whole country in all I do. I propose to stand on the Constitution, and I need no other platform. I shall know but our country. The ends I aim at, by the blessing of God, shall be my country's, my God's, and truth's. I was born an American, I live an American, and I shall die an American. But I mean, to the extent of my abilities, to perform the duties incumbent upon me in this character, whether public or private, to the end of my career, and I mean to do this with an absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the amount of all the good or evil that could betide an individual, in comparison with the good or evil which, in a crisis like this, may happen to a great nation? Sir, let the consequences be what they may to me, I am careless. No man can hardly suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffers or if he falls in defence of the liberties and the constitution of his country.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1850.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

[*Phonographic Report by Dr. Stone.*]

Cochituate Hall, Tuesday Eve'g, May 28.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

My friend, Mr. White, has made so very good an address to us, this afternoon, that I feel very unwilling to allude to it at all, but in commendation. There are but one or two points in it which I think need review, and not a very severe review is demanded of them. I was glad again to hear his voice. I hope it is but the beginning of good things.

I wish to speak of the conversion of State street. My excellent friend White thought it would be worth more than the conversion of the church and clergy. I should perhaps differ from him somewhat. State street is a power that, perhaps, our course and mode of proceeding is scarcely able to reach; and I believe that our friend White has hitherto labored somewhat unsuccessfully in relation to that unfortunate and rebellious portion of our parish. [Laughter.] Now, if he can, by any means, devise some plan by which to accomplish that object, I am sure there will nobody rejoice more over the repentance of what seems to me at least one of the most incorrigible, if not the chief of sinners.

I could not help thinking of the fable we used to read in our school books, when the cat was making such havoc among the poor rats, and they could devise no way in which to avenge themselves upon their common foe, or to escape her power. At last one young and eloquent rat proposed that the cat be belled, and then they would always have notice of her approach, and could take refuge. The proposal met with hearty approval, excepting in one quarter. There was an *old* rat, who saw one difficulty; and if the orator could evade that, there would be no further trouble. That was, Who should bell the cat?

Mr. White—We have provided a way. I have a proposition to establish a daily paper, and I think we should 'bell the cat,' decidedly, by means of it. I think we can make it go. [Loud applause.]

Mr. Pillsbury—Well, if my friend can give any *reasonable* encouragement that it will succeed, he may put down my name for ten copies. [Cheers.]

There are many reasons why we should not labor more for the conversion of State street than for the conversion of the Church. I always think it wise to to consult the enemy, the power against whom we have to act. I believe the Slave Power is too strong for any attack which we can make on State street, because the game there is one which the South can play at too. They are, in that particular kind of contest, more expert than we are ourselves. And, after all, if we should convert the pockets of the people, it would be only an exterior kind of conversion. And it might not be of that particular kind of regeneration which one of the five points of Calvanism contemplates—I mean, '*the perseverance of the Saints.*' [Laughter.]

But, after all, we have an instrumentality before which even State street trembles. We were able to speak with a voice in New York that was heard in the city of Washington, notwithstanding the growlings of the New York Globe, and that troop of hell-hounds which they were able to call to their aid. For it was not four days from that meeting, before Henry Clay, with that sagacity for which he is ever characterised, called the attention of the United States Senate and the Nation to the dangers resulting from our coming together. Henry Clay was not satisfied with the defence of the New York Herald, Capt. Rynders and their kindred allies. He saw in our meetings something that looked like the handwriting upon the wall of the proud king of Babylon; and, while his knees were smiting together, he fancied that above the yells and the clamor of the mob, he heard a voice in his ears exclaiming—'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.' And it was because Henry Clay knew that we were speaking not to the pockets of State street, but to the hearts and consciences of the people, that he feared and felt our power. In that, and in that alone, consists our strength. And however those who have been accustomed to be governed by the doctrines of expediency may regard our movement as of uncertain tendency and doubtful conclusion, Henry Clay is able to foresee that we are making upon that part of the human character, against which not even the gold of State street, nor the cotton of New Orleans, will be able to prevail.

Besides, it is not State street alone that must be converted; if it were, it would be as easy to convert the entire people as to convert State street. I am myself much of the opinion of my respected friend, Mr. White, that we may bestow more attention upon the Church than is demanded, although he differs somewhat from Mr. Channing, who declared here, this morning, that 'the Church is living, is vital, is acting with an irresistible impulse.' I think, on this question, Mr. White much nearest the truth. Mr. Channing imputed far too much power to the Church. He said that Daniel Webster was *dead, dead.* If Daniel Webster be dead, then are Professor Stuart, Andover Seminary, and Wm. M. Rogers, dead also. And I should say, 'Let the dead bury their dead'; and the sooner the better, both for the purity of the atmosphere, and the health of the community. [Laughter and cheers.] And if these *heads* and representatives of the Church be dead, the body surely cannot be much better.

But Daniel Webster is not quite dead—nor are Professor Stuart and William Rogers; because there are large portions of people who live only in Webster, move only in Stuart, and have their being only in the like of Mr. Rogers, [laughter,] (and when these great ones die, what winrows of corpses will putrify by the side of them,) [applause,] and which portions of the people are pretty fully represented here, to defend the 'godlike.' And the defence has chosen the most proper language possible—the dialect of the loathsome, crawling serpent. [Renewed mirth and hisses.] What tongue but the serpent's would befit such a cause? [Cheers.]

Who says Daniel Webster is dead, when there are so many here to defend him, breathing only through his lungs, and speaking his vernacular. It is hardly true that Daniel Webster is dead. It is hardly true that the Church is dead. And yet, neither has the power, as our friend White has well said, which they possessed in time gone by. And God in heaven be thanked for that!

Now, in reference to the Hundred Anti-Slavery Conventions which are to be held, I hope the gospel of Anti-Slavery will be proclaimed in its purity, just as it has been in times past. Because, if you convert men through their pockets, there is no assurance that it will last any longer than their pockets last; and the Bible no where says (nor past experience) that pockets are immortal; that pockets will be saved in heaven, or damned in hell. I would go deeper than the pockets. I would go to the heart and the conscience, that divine part which can no more die than God himself can die.

Henry Clay says that this is our object, and that this is the tendency of our doctrines. And who are the Abolitionists, that Henry Clay should be alarmed at that? Why, the Free Soil party is probably ten to our one; and yet Henry Clay has never manifested any dread of the Free Soil party. And when he has manifested any fear of it, it was not of its members as politicians, as members of a rival political party; it was only as disunionists, as traitors to the Constitution, that he feared them. It is only when they are found in such good company as the Garrisonians, that Henry Clay is afraid of them. [Cheers.]

And now, would our friend White have us leave that power which causes Henry Clay to tremble in the United States Senate, and link our fortunes with those men against whom Henry Clay knows that he has batteries which can demolish every thing which they can bring against him?

I was glad that friend White said he did not wish disunionists to vote. Henry Clay will be more disturbed at that than at any thing else he said. He would not be disturbed by the appeal to the pockets of the people; but when he finds William A. White, or any member of the Free Soil party, willing to sacrifice the right of suffrage upon the altar of righteous opposition to Slavery, that he fears. And it is only by linking the Free Soil party with the disunionists, that the Slave Power has feared it ever. Although the Free Soil Party is small, and although our friend Channing did so exalt and glorify the Church, it seems to me that it is not too much to say, that the Slave Power is more afraid of the Free Soil party, alone, than it is of the combined power of the American Church. That Church has sent no dismay through the ranks of the slaveholders.

John C. Calhoun was the first slaveholder who manifested any fear of the action of the Church, as such, against Slavery. He paid the Episcopal Church the compliment to say, that it was the only religious body in the country which had remained true to the institutions of the South. I think the Episcopal Church may feel herself highly honored. But I was about to say that some of the physicians of John C. Calhoun stated that he died of the 'softening of the brain;' and I was inclined to think so, in one sense, at least, when I found him fearing the Church. [Slight hisses.] I think John C. Calhoun is dead, for there seems to be but little of any thing like life breathing as through *his* nostrils. [Laughter.]

The Southerners have claimed to despise the Free Soil party; and yet that party—made up of every kind of bird and beast and creeping thing that was ever let down before Peter in the vision, made up of the ends and thrumbs of every thing, disappointed politicians and broken down political hacks, of all possible parties—yet that party has sent more terror through the ranks of the Southern tyrants, than has the whole Church of the country, with its fifty thousand ordained ministers, its three million professors of religion, its ten million Sunday School scholars, and its Tract, Bible and Missionary Societies in almost every State and county in the land. So that I do not greatly fear the influence of the Church. I do not at all fear the influence of the Free Soil party, and yet it has far more power than the Church. Surely as *against* Slavery there can be no question, whatever might be true on the other side.

But I was going to say one or two things on another point, in further defence of our present modes and measures. There seems to be a great apprehension felt, at present, that the Union is in danger. Whence comes it that the President of the United States could not begin his message to Congress without invoking blessings on the Union, nor close it without a doxology in praise of the Constitution? Whence comes it that every politician, Whig, Democrat and Free Soiler, has to begin and end every speech in the same way. Why is it that there are so many fears and apprehensions as to the safety of the American Union? Who are the real disunionists? I ask this audience, I should like to ask the reporter of the New York Herald, who are the disunionists, that even James Gordon Bennett has to send one of his servants hundreds of miles to watch their words and report their doings? Who are the disunionists, and how many, that the pulpit, the New York press, and the New York mob, must all come howling like hyenas on their track. How many disunionists are there in the country? If we are the despicable beings we are sometimes represented to be, why, I marvel that the press of this city and distant cities should send their reporters here to watch our progress by the three days together. We are but very feeble in numbers. Numerically, we are nothing. How comes it, then, that there is all this apprehension and alarm?—How comes it that Daniel Webster was so eloquent in defence of the Union in that speech which, with the exception of his eulogy of the Union, had nothing under heaven but its rascality to redeem it from its most disgusting stupidity. [Cheers and groans.] I stand here to say, that there is not another man in either branch of the national Congress who, if he had made that speech and had put in every word and syllable and letter, and semicolon and comma, and had emphasised it and delivered it ten-fold better every way than Daniel Webster delivered it, would be listened to one half hour while pouring out such a tirade of stupidity on the one hand, and insulting mockery of justice on the other. [Applause and hisses.]

Why! the speech of Daniel Webster, what is it? It had neither wit, nor worth, nor anything but words, apart from its infamy, that should commend it to any community. I could not believe it was Daniel Webster's speech, for the reason that when I had heard him before he had always spoken at least like a man of sense. In that case, however, it surely was anything but the voice of Daniel Webster.

I was saying, Mr. Webster was eloquent in his laudations of the Union? but when he asked, 'Where should I stand when you divide the Union?' I wish that some one could have stood up and told him, 'It will make not the slightest difference, Mr. Webster.' And then, lofty in patriotism, he demanded—'What shall become of the stars and stripes?' Now, we have an editor—a Whig, too—in New Hampshire, who never said so bright a thing as when he answered that querry. He said, 'We will just take the stars at the North, and let the South have the stripes.' [Enthusiasm.]

That reference to the Union was the only eloquent passage in Daniel Webster's speech. So with every body else in political circles—they grow eloquent on the Union.

Who are the disunionists, and what are they? What is it that gives them so much omnipotence before this nation? How comes it that we are able to speak with a voice that is echoed like peals of rolling thunder through every cavern of the slave prison of the South? How is it that this handful of men and woman, are able to flash their lightning truth down among the horrors of Slavery, more terrible than consuming fire? Has any body ever thought of it? Have the abolitionists themselves ever thought of it? Are you conscious of the omnipotence you possess? Have you, as you have seen the alarm of the Slave Power, the alarm of Bennett's Herald, the New York Globe, the New York press generally, and the New England press too, and Andover Seminary, and Captain Rynders and his pious company [plaudits and hisses,] have the abolitionists ever thought of the mighty powers they thus wield?

And have you never thought whence that power comes? Now, there is an answer, direct, to that question. The Slave Power,—and it is very broad in this country—it is not bounded North by Mason and Dixon's line,—the Slave Power understands full well that we have hold of that only lever, that only Archimedian instrumentality which is able to move the world—that we have the weapon of almighty truth, the all conquering force of appeal to the conscience and to the heart.

It is only that instrumentality which the slaveholder dreads; for he knows that is an omnipotence against which he can bring no force that will be able to contend successfully. He may bind the snapping thunderbolt; he may harness it to the electric nerves with which you have strung the air, and on which Slavery leaps in lightning on the track of its fugitive slave. (Intense enthusiasm.) He may stay the tides of the ocean in their courses with his embankments, but there is that power in the well-told truth, there is that omnipotence in the voice of the Great Eternal spoken through the Anti-Slavery instrumentality of our land, which he knows full well no weapon he shall be able to bring against it can possibly prosper.

I hope, then, that the Anti-Slavery movement will continue as it is. What though our progress be slow! Is it not sure? But then our progress is not slow?—Why! that political instrumentality to which our friend alluded, has been in the full tide of unsuccessful operation I know not how many years. And yet what has been its progress? From James G. Birney it fell or rose to Martin Van Buren, to say nothing of the intervening steps; and from Martin Van Buren to an already commenced dieting for Thomas H. Benton, an incorrigible slave-owner, as its next candidate for the Presidency! What has the Slave Power to fear in them Where would have been the Anti-Slavery enterprise to-day, if the Garrisonians had fallen into their movement? Where would we have been two years ago?—Electioneering for Martin Van Buren! Where would we have been to-day? Instead of a Convention like this, creating such alarm that not even the cities at a distance can be quiet, lest we shall stride them with lightning, and they should find themselves wounded to the death,—instead of this, instead of thus carrying dismay and terror to the Congress of the United States and to the remotest savannahs of the far South—instead of this we might have held a one day's Convention to diet the people a little, in order to prepare them in 1852 to swallow down Thomas H. Benton or some other iron-hearted slaveholder, as our candidate for the Presidency of the United States. [Loud applause.]

Would our free Soil friends have the Anti-Slavery movement thus disarmed? Would you have us lay our heads in your Delilah-lap, and thus be shorn of our omnipotence? My friend White I know would not. And he said he was glad his friend Foster would not sacrifice his principles. There are those in the Free Soil movement who are wiser than some others are, who are yet more zealous than they. There are those who say to us, "In God's name, keep up your moral agitation.' I want the Abolitionists to know, that the far-seeing among the Free Soil party, I mean those of whom Joshua R. Giddings is a fair representative, say to us, '*Stand by your principles; for there is no hope even for the triumph of Free Soil, but in you. Onward, then onward in your way, for the love of God.*

Now then, be encouraged. Why should we be otherwise? Have we not alarmed Henry Clay and the South? Daniel Webster and the North? Are not Professor Stuart, and Dr. Woods, and Dr. Emerson, and the President of Harvard University, William M. Rogers, Dr. Dana of Newburyport, and I know not how many others in Church and State, are they not moved at our presence, and at our stately going? ['No! no! no!' and loud cheering.] Do they not tremble? Did not Henry Clay express on the floor of Congress its apprehensions that not even the New York mob and Andover Theological Seminary together would be able to insure the salvation of his favorite institution? What more could we ask? Why! the Almighty does not more certainly hold the winds in the hollow of his hand, than you hold the hearts and the hands of this nation. And the reason is, because you still have faith in truth, and confidence in the voice of the omnipotent God. It was before that power, and that alone, when the twelve fishermen went forth, commissioned with the salvation of the world, that Jewish superstition and Pagan degradation stood aghast; and in a very short period it overshadowed the earth, and Rome, proud mistress of the nations, seated on her seven hills, bowed in humble submission before the cross of Bethlehem's stable-born babe. But it was then and there the Church took counsel of the wisdom of this world, and went to 'converting *State street*' and *Wall street* and the *pockets* of men; and the result was, a universal declension. And the Church has never recovered from that fatal fall. So shall it be with us. Go and unite your destinies with any political party, and there shall be joy in the South and glee in hell, while the angels shall sit down in sackcloth. It is only while you stand firm to the doctrines, to the noble principles of inflexible justice and unbending right, that you are thus almighty. It is only thus that you shall cover your foes with confusion, and yourselves with a glorious immortality. [Applause.]

Mr. Winthrop.—R. C. Winthrop, the member from Boston, has been appointed by the Governor and Council of Massachusetts to the Senate to serve out the remainder of Mr. Webster's term. There is some speculation as to whether the Compromise bill has lost a vote by this substitution, though a stranger to American politics might think it not an open question. No longer ago than the 8th of May last Mr. Winthrop made a Speech in the House, which could a partizan politician—not to say the honorable gentleman himself—be reckoned upon as adhering for three months together to any opinion, involving principles, would indicate very certainly how he would vote. Perhaps, indeed, we do him injustice in suggesting the possibility of Mr. Winthrop's not adhering now to the principles he avowed three months ago, but we can only conjecture of any man's future course by his past. We are quite persuaded that he will not vote for the Omnibus Bill without a good reason, but if the reason is apparent, we are equally persuaded that his past declarations will not stand in the way of his present predilections. It is well enough, however, to copy what he did say in May, as the index to what we ought to expect of him, and as a proof if that expectation is disappointed, of how entireto he treads in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. He said:

And now, sir, entertaining such views, I need hardly add, that, in my judgment, California ought to be admitted to the Union without more delay, as a separate, independent measure. I am opposed to any scheme for qualifying or coupling it with other arrangements. I am opposed to all *omnibus* bills, and all amalgamation projects. It is unjust to California to embarrass, and, perhaps, peril her admission, by mixing her up with matters of a controverted character. It is still more unjust to a large majority of this House, who desire to record their names distinctly for her admission as a State, to deny them the proper, legitimate, parliamentary mode of doing so, by annexing to the same bill provisions against which not a few of them are solemnly pledged.

* * * * * *

And now, sir, turning from California, what remains? New Mexico and Deseret or Utah. And what are we to do with them? Nothing, nothing, I reply, which shall endanger the harmony and domestic peace of these United States.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Chairman, my own honest impulse and earnest disposition would be to organize territorial governments over both of them, and to engraft upon those governments the principles of the ordinance of 1787. If I were consulting only my own feelings, or what I believe to be the wishes and views of the people of New England, this would be my unhesitating course. Though believing, as I do, that the laws of Mexico, abolishing Slavery, are still in force there, I would yet make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate against the introduction of Slavery into any territory where it does not already exist.

But, sir, I am not for overturning the government of my country, or for running any risk of so disastrous a result, in order to accomplish this object in the precise mode which would be most satisfactory to myself. No, sir, nor would I press such a course pertinaciously upon Congress, even although the consequences should be nothing more serious than to plant a sting in the bosoms of the people of the South, or to leave an impression in their minds that they had been wronged and humiliated by the Government of their own country.

—This is very well; but then, as *The Tribune* very significantly hints to the new Senator, 'circumstances have undergone a change.'

Peon Slavery in Mexico is thus described by a letter writer at Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande:

"Anybody of the working class can be sold for debt in Mexico; and these peons receive the worst fare and the hardiest treatment of any slaves on this continent. When they get this side of the river, they should be free but are often too timid and ignorant, (especially the women) to avail themselves of the fact.

"They are a quiet, respectful, well spoken race, subject to more exactions and requiring fewer comforts than our negroes. Their sad, downcast air is in strange contrast with the ever cheerful buoyancy of the blacks even their singing has the wail of death in its slow, mechalamly notes."

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXIV.

The Argument.—*The Celebration at Abington—Its entire success—The Fugitives—The Speakers—Blasphemy and Treason—The Transcript—Its Application—Dogberry, Charles Surface, the Old Man of the Sea, the Sexton and Sigma—Melancholy jests—Sigma the complement of Rynders—Mr. Garrison's Corrections — Sigma's Somerset — Sigma proveth Garrison a Blasphemer—And how—The Sabbath Convention—Sigma triumpheth—Who are in the like condemnation—The Small pox and his propositions—His sufferings—Tremendous letting-alone—His frantic extravagancies—Who Sigma is—His claims to the Championship of Christendom—Dealings with the Dead and with him—Serious entertainment—The Correspondent indulgeth in reminiscence—And maketh a malicious suggestion—Sigma and the Muses—He attempteth Prove—The Temperance Tales—"Rev. Solomon Spittle"—The Correspondeth characterizeth it and praiseth it after a sort—Lampoon of Bishop Eastburn—The Correspondent waxeth Epic and recounteth Sigma's deeds in arms—The Battle of the Handcart—Largest Liberty of Dogs—The Victory—The Nemesis—Law and Order of the Rights of Gentlemen—Coincidences of Championship—The Defenders of the Faith—The Teacher—The Model Man—Justice done to the Saints—The Correspondent commenteth on a suggestion of the Editor—He maketh a confidential communication — Handsome and fraternal offer. &c. &c. &c.*

Boston, July 15th, 1850.

I do not know that I can add anything to the accounts you have already had of our great Fourth of July Celebration at Abington. I have so often described the superlatively beautiful Grove in which our solemn Service was held, that I have nothing to say about it, except that it handsomely maintained its credit. Notwithstanding the very threatening aspect of the early morning, there was even a larger attendance than we have ever had before. Nearly as many as usual went by the Special train from Boston, more than usual from Plymouth and from the region round about. I was credibly informed that had the morning been reasonably fine, it would probably have been the largest assemblage ever collected in Massachusetts. It was affirmed that every horse for twenty miles round was engaged for the occasion and proportionable preparations made for the coming up of the Faithful. But, as it was, we counted our numbers by thousands, and they that persevered were rewarded by one of the finest of days. Though it rained in Boston with great violence in the afternoon, we were as dry as Gideon's fleece, and every circumstance of the Celebration was as auspicious as Nature and Man could make it.

Mr. Garrison was in the Chair and opened the Meeting in his happiest manner. With great felicity of language and illustration he contrasted the professions and the practice of the American people and the spirit of the former days and of these. It was striking to see the rapt attention of the immense auditory and the thirst with what they drank in truths which they seldom hear from press, priest or politician. His strong natural logic, his terrible earnestness, the Demosthenian simplicity and force of his language give him a power over the audience not probably surpassed by any contemporary orator, certainly not by any in this country. He was succeeded by a fresh fugitive from Slavery, of whom there were no less than four on the platform. Messrs. Quincy, Phillips, Claudius Bradford, N. H. Whiting, William I. Bowditch and Morton occupied the rest of the time devoted to speaking. Mr. Phillips made a speech of great brilliancy and power, full of witty illustration and forcible demonstration. Mr. Bowditch dissected the charges brought against the Abolitionists of Blasphemy and Treason with a lawyer-like acumen which must have made their absurdity palpable even to men of the meanest understandings. And, surely, there can be none of *meaner* than some of those that have been parroting these weak inventions of the enemy. After a delightful day, the vast concourse dispersed themselves to their homes "shut up in measureless content," satisfied that the day had had at least *one* appropriate Celebration.

Apropos to these charges of Blasphemy and Treason, a portion of the Boston public has been entertained this summer by some very comical demonstrations of patriotism and piety from an unexpected quarter. You know the Boston Transcript as a pleasant, gossiping, tea-table paper—perhaps the best *newspaper* we have here. The unfortunate editor, however, is afflicted with a near relative, who, from his youth upwards, has had a morbid tendency, of an eruptive character, to pen and ink. He has selected this inoffensive young man and his innocent readers as the recipients of his tediousness, and I do not doubt that "were it ten times as great, he could find it in his heart to bestow it all upon them." He seems to be quite of Charles Surface's opinion"—if a man can't make free with his own relations, who the devil can he make free with?" At any rate, for many months past he has bestraddled the unlucky Transcript as desperately as erst the Old Man of the Sea did Sinbad. It is to be hoped that the poor editor is handsomely remembered in his will. He has made his appearance in its columns under two signatures, "A Sexton of the Old School" and "Sigma." These *noms de plume* have given rise to a couple of dreary jests with which the patients have attempted to mitigate their sufferings. First, that "the Sexton of the Old School was fast burying the Transcript;" and secondly, that the printers had dropped a letter in the last named signature and made the "*Sigma*," of what should properly have been the "Stigma," of the Transcript.

But the entertainment of which I spoke was furnished under the latter signature. Shortly after the last Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society had been broken up by the pious and patriotic interposition of Captain Rynders, Sigma entered the field to finish whatever that gallant chieftan had left alive of Abolitionism. As he had based his strictures upon the lying statements of some one of your blackguard city papers, Mr. Garrison thought it a good opportunity to correct the misrepresentations of his speech at New York, with which the newspapers teemed, though the columns of a print unconnected with the Anti-Slavery Cause. The editor, with commendable fairness, gave him all the opportunity he desired. In two or three communications he completely demolished poor Sigma (more than one being made necessary by the dying struggles of that unfortunate) and put himself *rectus in curia*. Every body admitted his triumph and supposed that Sigma was silenced forever. But they little knew the resources of that classic Consonant. With a comic impudence that would have made his fortune as a Clown at Astley's, he threw a somerset upon the stage, and, repeating his contradicted authority, with inimitable power of face re-affirmed his refuted slanders!

Failing to draw out Mr. Garrison again, who was not enough of an Alexander to wish "thrice to slay the slain," he changed his hand and accepted a challenge Mr. Garrison had thrown out, incidentally, to any one to prove him a Blasphemer from his own writings or words. He commenced by attempting to twist the truisms uttered by Mr. Garrison, at New York, that a profession of Christianity and of belief in the Scriptures, in this age and country, is no evidence of Christian character, into the legal crime of Blasphemy! If it be so, then the Revivalists at Andover, thirty years ago, were arrant blasphemers, for *meipso teste*, these allegations were a main part of their stock in trade. He next pounced upon the Proceedings of the Sabbath Convention, and, taking the very point at issue for granted, (viz., that the Command in the Decalogue to the Jews to keep holy the *Seventh* day of the week requires Christians to keep holy the *First*,) by a process of ratiocination of which the premises might have had the small pox without the conclusion being in the least danger of taking it, he triumphantly shook the thunders of the Statute of Blasphemy over the heads of Mr. Garrison and his confederates. As their opinions, however, on this subject, are identical not only with those of Wickliffe, Calvin, Luther and the early reformers generally, and of hosts of dissenters to this day, but, among other good Churchmen, of Archdeacon Paley and of the present Primate of Ireland, Archbishop Whateley, the acknowledged head in fame, genius and weight of character, though not in rank, of the Anglican Church, even Sigma must acknowledge that if they are to be punished for their heresies, in this world or the next, it will be in the very best of company.

As Sigma has gone on ringing the changes on this tune, he has waxed more and more furious from Number to Number. He obviously had hoped to swell his own self-importance by a controversy, whether defeated or not, with so celebrated a man as Mr. Garrison. Like poor Tom Straddle, in Salmagundi, he would rather be kicked out of the way by a superior than have no notice taken of him. But as his conduct in this matter was such as to render it impossible for Mr. Garrison to have any controversy with him, it has had the effect, apparently, of nearly driving the poor wretch frantic. Never was there a more striking instance of the effect of contemptuous silence—of "a tremendous *letting-alone*." As week after week has passed without Mr. Garrison even seeming aware of his existence, he has grown more and more foul-mouthed, and exhausted the vocabulary of Billingsgate in the most virulent personal abuse. If ever types howled, shrieked and foamed at the mouth, they are those of the Transcript in giving utterance to the agonies of poor Sigma. This punishment is plainly greater than he can bear.

As your readers may like to be informed as to the identity of "Sigma," I would say that it is no secret that he is an individual hereabouts rejoicing in the classic cognomination of Lucius Manlius Sargent; and as perhaps they would also like to know his claims to be the Eighth Champion of Christendom, I will put together such facts of his history as are properly the belongings of the public. His recent "Dealings with the Dead" and with Mr. Garrison are by no means his first contributions to the entertainment of his fellow-creatures. Some forty years ago, or so, he added largely, though temporarily, to the stock of the gayety of nations (or, at least, to that of Boston,) by the publication of a volume of poems; which, though serious, were nevertheless in the highest degree entertaining. Well do I remember the fun I used to have over them, "in my hot youth, when George *the Fourth* was King." I can see it now, in my mind's eye, a thin, bilious volume. It always stood cheek by jowl with Emmon's (brother of him whom men were wont to call "*Pickle*" and sometimes "*Pop*") "Freedoniad, An Epic Poem," in twelve or twenty-four books, I forget which. Blue, indeed, must have been the devils, which one or the other of these exorcists could not put to flight. Ah, poor Ben Pollard and Jack Stickney (long since with God. Heaven rest their souls!) with what *gusto* would they quote it, and shape their jolly sides and set the table of the Exchange Coffee House on a roar with it! I have not seen it for a quarter of a century, (and it is strongly borne in upon my mind, as the Friends say, that there was a second volume published afterwards) but I rather think I know where to lay my hand upon a copy. If so, and I should at any time feel particularly malicious, perhaps I may send you a few extracts for re-publication.

The success of "Sigma" with the Muses was not sufficiently signal to encourage his continued addresses to those coy dames. An occasional effusion of a strictly "*fugitive*" description (for they made their escape with such alacrity that I doubt whether the united patriotism and piety of Daniel Webster and Moses Stuart could reclaim a single one of them) was the only evidence he gave afterwards of a desire to re-establish a flirtation with "the dainty Nine." But bethinking him that, like M. Jourdain, he had been speaking prose all his life, (as well as writing it) he turned his attention to that line of composition. I dare say you are old enough to remember some of the Temperance Tales which he put forth in rapid succession, during the most creditable portion of his life. They were accepted by the Temperance Public, at a time when no help was to be refused, and the goodness of their purpose was permitted to excuse the mediocrity of their literary execution. They have been long forgotten. But the best thing he ever wrote was "the Diary of the Rev. Solomon Spittle," published some three or four years since, intended as a new "Counterblast to Tobacco." It was a theme eminently adapted to his style. It was disgustingly coarse in many parts; but the subject-matter seemed to excuse if not to justify it. It was a book that no gentleman would willingly have written himself, but which no one of the few not infected with the Tobacco Vice was very unwilling should be written by somebody else. There are some offices which, however willing one may be that they should be done, one had a little rather do by proxy than in person. It was in this book, by the way, that this gentleman who condemns Mr. Garrison and the Abolitionists for their scurrility towards opposers, and especially towards *the Clergy*, lampooned Bishop Eastburn, the Head of his own Church, (for he is or was a zealous Churchman,) whose personal character and official position (even if he *did* smoke) entitled him to the treatment of a gentleman, as "BISHOP BEASTLY!!!"

But the triumphs of Sigma have been by no means confined to the fields of letters. There have been times when this noble Roman has changed the saying for which Cicero was so quizzed by the Edinburgh Reviewers of his time to "armis cedat toga!" and the gown has given place to arms. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the mental and moral qualifications of our Author, there can be none as to the sufficiency of his arms and legs. Though now pretty well stricken in years, he is still "a proper fellow of his hands," and quite competent to give Captain Rynders himself his gruel, if they should ever stand in an antagonistic position, instead of their present fraternal relations to each other. One day, two or three years ago, he fell upon a handcart man, in our streets, assisted by his son, an uncommonly robust young man, and thrashed him to his heart's content, because the churl objected to their dog's treating some goods in his keeping as Launce's dog did the gentlewoman's Farthing ale, which formed a main count in the indictment upon which that ill-starred cur was condemned to undergo capital punishment. But though

is but justice, however, to the saints hereabouts to say, that they seem heartily ashamed of their champion. They were not more swift to disavow their responsibilty for the interposition of Captain Rynders than they are to disclaim all sympathy with the coarse brutalities of Sigma. In the one case, as in the other, if they love the deed, they at least have the grace to despise and repudiate the tool.

I had no idea when I began at this theme that it would be extended to this length. But the subject opened up more richly than I had expected. Though the quietest season of the year, I have still abundance of materials on hand. But they must wait. I would merely say that your suggestion last week in regard to the Eulogy on President Taylor, "that if the authorities want justice done him they had better invite Mr. Quincy's brother Edmund to deliver it," has been duly appreciated in these parts. Indeed, I will inform you, in the strictest confidence, that it is rumored in the best informed circles that the gentleman has, in the handsomest manner, offered to write the eulogy for his brother, if the orator will only agree to deliver it without addition or diminution. The result of the negotiation has not yet transpired.—D. Y.

Foreign Correspondence.

From Our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, July 12, 1850.

MY DEAR GAY:—Since I wrote to you last, these countries have sustained a heavy loss in the death of Sir Robert Peel. I do not remember any similar occasion on which the expression of regret was so general; nor do I know of any British Statesman who deserved to be so regretted. Although he was not one who sought for vulgar popularity, nor had he any elements in the shouts and applauses of the mob, he attained, by the greatness of his personal and party sacrifices to the public good, by the value of his political achievements, and the evidently reformatory tendency of his mind, to a degree of solid respect and confidence that, as far as I know, have never been equalled in the experience of any other public man in England. Even in Ireland, where the feelings of the people are by no means imperial, where great estrangements from English hopes and fears, sympathies and interests prevails, Sir Robert Peel is much regretted. He effected much, and it was very generally hoped that, either by his restoration to power, or by the weight and influence of his character as an independent member of Parliament, he would be the means of achieving many further valuable reforms. His personal character was very high, and he is said to have been greatly beloved and honored in his domestic circle. When the old Duke of Wellington bore testimony to the truthfulness and integrity of his departed friend, his voice was interrupted by tears—and such a testimony from such a man, accompanied by such proofs of unwonted feeling from the "Iron Duke," was high tribute to the memory of the departed Statesman. Sir Robert was a munificent, generous, and discriminating patron of men of genius, and his praise is, I believe, very deservedly in all their mouths. I do not know whether Miss Martineau's noble "History of the Thirty Years Peace" has found its way to your side of the Atlantic. It is an admirable and intensely interesting work, distinguished by vigor, impartiality, and a deep sympathy for popular rights, and warm aspirations for the elevation of the people, and the advancement of every good cause. The writer's motto is *not* "My country right or wrong." The terms in which she speaks of the iniquitous Chinese war and the unpardonable invasion of Affghanistan by the English, are such as must delight the hearts and raise the hopes of all who wish well to their kind. I refer to this book in this place because Miss Martineau's admiration of Sir Robert Peel's character is so very high, and is so eloquently expressed in its pages. If you can get access to the book, it is worth your while to refer to it for some further light as to his character and position, and the estimation in which he was held by one of the most high-minded and most vigorous writers of our day.

It was a curious indication of the importance of mere position in these countries, that when the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Clarence, a self-indulgent old gormand, whom nobody cared for, died a few days after Sir Robert Peel, the newspapers went pretty generally into mourning—for one day only—though no such tribute of respect was paid to the great statesman whose sudden and disastrous death was filling everybody's mind with solemn reflections.

In my last letter I made some mention of Kay's comparison of the Social and Educational condition of the nations of Western Europe as contrasted with that of the People of England—and I think I remarked how much I had been impressed by its revelation of the terrible and increasing degradation of a very large portion of the laboring classes of England. If the statements of this book be correct, and I see no reason to doubt their correctness, they show that in consequence of the laws of entail and primogeniture, the land is becoming continually monopolized into the possession of a smaller number of owners. That it is hopeless for a poor man to get even a small farm, or to have any chance of rising in the world, or of clothing, feeding, and educating his family, in any occupation connected with the land. That the vast gulf which separates the very rich landholder from the very poor peasant makes any hearty sympathy or feeling between them impossible. That very many among the higher classes are hostile to any plan for effectually enlightening, civilizing, and educating the poor, on the plea that it would make them discontented with their position and unfit to fill it. That any education, no matter how judicious or complete, could hardly be morally efficacious so long as the children are steeped to the lips in poverty, and compelled to herd together in fetid rooms or crowded cottages, with less regard than animals for cleanliness, health, or decency. That these wretched residences are the result of the hostility of the aristocracy to the erection of proper dwellings, lest the poor should be indmced to marry, and the increase of population prove irksome or burdensome to their wealthier neighbors. That the depths of ignorance immorality, degradation and crime into which the people are plunged as a necessary consequence of the laws which elevate a mere handful of people to a degree of wealth and luxury elsewhere unexampled, is such as to demand the most solemn consideration on the part of all who wish well to their country and their kind. I have often before now spoken to you of Joseph Barker of Wortley, near Leeds—and you have seen his paper called the *People*, which is filled with the most fiery and vehement denunciations of the aristocracy, as the plunderer and oppressor of the poor—and as the intelligent deliberate agents of most of the wretchedness, degradation and poverty they suffer. Barker has been blamed for his attacks on the aristocracy much as Garrison has been for his denunciations of slaveholders; but, like Garrison, being in earnest, he has not been deterred by the desertion of friends or the reproaches of enemies from saying all that he has on his mind. I have been a reader of his paper from the time of its first appearance, and have been frequently startled and staggered by his vehemence. But, knowing that he is of the people, and has suffered with them, while I have never been oppressed by either wealth or poverty, I have always been willing to keep my mind open to what he has to say; for I have never known his superior in energy, natural ability, clearness of expression, truthfulness to his convictions, and force of character. In estimating such a man, we should not be shocked by trifles; nor should we look for the suavity and polish of a courtier in one who was obliged to go barefooted in his childhood, and sometimes to beg his bread to keep himself from starvation. Kay's book is the work of a scholar, a gentleman, and a distinguished pupil of Cambridge University. He is no leveller—no democrat. He argues, on conservative grounds, for the necessity of a change of the laws of England, similar to those which changed the peasantry of Prussia and other parts of Germany from serfs and villeins, improvident, ignorant, ragged, stupid, and even barbarous, into a race of owners of the soil, highly educated, well dressed, well fed, polished, provident, courteous, and attached to all the useful institutions of their country. Having read Mr. Kay's work, I wonder no longer at the indignation of Joseph Barker. A state of things such as curses and oppresses the English poor is the inevitable result of the laws which have made and maintain the luxurious and powerful English aristocracy. You cannot give such power and such wealth to the few without grinding the faces of the poor, and putting their souls out. The aristocracy may not deliberately wish to have the poor as they are; but, so long as they hold to the laws which keep them in their present position, there is no chance for the laboring classes of the English people. Those who are born with wooden ladles in their mouths fill the jails, the poor houses, and the pauper graves; whilst the lucky fellows who come into the world with silver spoons between their gums float on the top of the tide, own the land, make the laws, engross the knowledge, and dance through the world lapped in luxury that shames the indulgence and magnificence of all other countries and all former ages. I may be mistaken in my estimate of the great importance and value of this book of Mr. Kay; but I do not think I am. The evidence which it accumulates and concentrates are, in my opinion, a sufficient key to much that was not clear before. Declamation is of little value; but this book gives a clear explanation of the evils of our social position, and of the extraordinary prosperity and rapid development of the free States of America. No wonder that Barker should abhor our aristocratic institutions and the aristocratic spirit, or that he should be a warm advocate of republics, and should exert all his powers of persuasion to magnify republicanism, and depreciate royalty and aristocracy. I think his admiration for the United States, and his warm partiality for them, has made him less vigorous against Slavery than he should be; and yet I know of no man, with the single exception of George Thompson, in these three Kingdoms, who has done more for the Anti-Slavery cause, who has talked more or written more, or who has a juster appreciation of the real position of the American Abolitionists.

Talking of this "position," my heart burned within me as I read that portion of Wendell Phillips's speech at the late New England Convention in which he described with such feeling and eloquence the extent to which the social position of any one is effected in your country who dares to espouse and adhere to the Anti-Slavery cause. I believe it is commonly supposed that the older we grow the less we wonder. For my part my wonder is continually increasing at the stupendious disparity between the profession and practice of the American people; and in view of the fact that the handful amongst them who 'realize' in their lives and versations the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence—those who are really the lovers of impartial liberty, which all profess themselves to be, should be the most hated and the most slandered portion of the whole nation. I heartily thank God for the honor, blessing and privilege I enjoy in the friendship of many of this noble few.

Yours, ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

General Intelligence.

The Tribune gives the following account of the loss of the brig "Elizabeth," in which the marques and marchioness d'Ossoli and their child were passengers:

THE WRECK OF THE ELIZABETH.

From a conversation with Mrs. Hasty, widow of the Captain of the ill-fated Elizabeth, we gather the following particulars of her voyage and its melancholy termination:

We have already stated that Capt. Hasty was prostrated, eight days after leaving Leghorn, by a disease which was regarded and treated as fever, but which ultimately exhibited itself as Small Pox of the most malignant type. He died of it just as the vessel reached Gibraltar, and his remains were committed to the deep. After a short detention in quarantine, the Elizabeth resumed her voyage on the 8th ult. and was long baffled by adverse winds. Two days from Gibraltar, the terrible disease which had proved fatal to the Captain, attacked the child of the Ossolis, a beautiful boy of two years, and for many days his recovery was regarded as hopeless. His eyes were completely closed for five days, his head deprived of all shape, and his whole person covered with postules; yet, through the devoted attention of his parents and their friends, he survived, and at length gradually recovered. Only a few scars and red spots remained on his face and body, and these were disappearing, to the great joy of his mother, who felt selicitous that his rare beauty should not be marred at his first meeting with those she loved, and especially her mother.

At length, after a month of slow progress, the wind shifted, and blew strongly from the south-west for several days, sweeping them rapidly on their course, until, on Thursday evening last, they knew that they were near the end of their voyage. Their trunks were brought up and repacked, in anticipation of a speedy arrival in port. Meantime, the breeze gradually swelled to a gale, which became decided about 9 o'clock on that evening. But their ship was new and strong, and all retired to rest as usual. They were running west, and supposed themselves about sixty miles further south than they actually were. By their reckoning, they would be just off the harbor of New York next morning. About 2 1-2 o'clock, Mr. Bangs, the mate in command, took soundings, and reported twenty-one fathoms. He said that depth insured their safety till day-light, and turned in again (Of course, all was thick around the vessel, and the storm howling fiercely.) One hour afterward, the ship struck with great violence, and in a moment was fast aground! She was a stout brig of 531 tuns, five years old, heavily laden with marble, &c, and drawing seventeen feet water. Had she been light, she might have floated over the bar into twenty feet water, and all on board could have been saved. She struck rather sidewise than bows on, canted on her side and stuck fast, the mad waves making a clear sweep over her, pouring down into the cabin through the skylight, which was destroyed. One side of the cabin was immediately and permanently under water, the other frequently drenched. The passengers, who were all up in a moment, chose the most sheltered positions, and there remained, calm, earnest and resigned to any fate, for a long three hours. No land was yet visible, they knew not where they were, but they knew that their chance of surviving was small indeed. When the coast was first visible through the driving storm in the grey light of morning, the sand-hills were mistaken for rock, which made the prospect still more dismal The young Ossoli cried a little with discomfort and fright, but was soon hushed to sleep. Our friend Margaret had two life-preservers, but one of them proved unfit for use. All the boats had been smashed in pieces or torn away soon after the vessel struck, and while it would have been madness to launch them in the dark if it had been possible to launch them at all, with the waves charging over the wreck every moment. A sailor, soon after light, took Margaret's serviceable life-preserver and swam ashore with it in quest of aid for those left on board, and arrived safe, but of course could not return his means of deliverance.

By 7 A. M. it became evident that the cabin must soon go to pieces, and indeed it was scarcely tenantable then. The crew were collected in the forecastle, which was stronger and less exposed, the vessel having settled by the stern, and the sailors had been repeatedly ordered to go aft and help the passengers forward, but the peril was so great that none obeyed. At length the second mate, Davis, went himself, and accompanied the Italian girl, Celesta Pardieni, safely to the forecastle, though with great difficulty. Margaret Ossoli went next, and had a narrow escape from being washed away, but got over. Her child was placed in a bag tied around a sailor's neck, and thus carried safely. Ossoli and the rest followed, each conveyed by the mate or one of the sailors.

All being collected in the forecastle, it was evident that their position was still most perilous, and that the ship could not much longer hold together. The women were urged to try the experiment of taking each a plank and committing themselves to the waves. Margaret refused thus to be separated from her husband and child. She had from the first expressed a willingness to live or die with them, but not to live without them. Mrs. Hasty was the first to try the plank, and though the struggle was for some time a doubtful one, did finally reach the shore, utterly exhausted. There was a strong current setting to the westward, so that, though the wreck lay but a quarter of a mile from the shore, she landed three fourths of a mile distant. No other woman, and no passenger, survives, though several of the crew came ashore after she did in a similar manner. The last who came reports that the child had been washed away from the man who held it before the ship broke up, that Ossoli had in like manner been washed from the fore-mast, to which he was clinging; but, in the horror of the moment, Margaret never learned that those she so clung to had preceded her to the Spirit Land. Those who remained of the crew had just persuaded her to trust herself to a plank, in the belief that Ossoli and their child had already started for the shore, when, just as she was stepping down, a great wave broke over the vessel and swept her into the boiling deep. She never rose again. The ship broke up soon after (about 10 A. M Mrs. Hasty says, instead of the later hour previously reported), but both mates and most of the crew got ashore on one fragment or another. It was supposed that those of them who were drowned were hit by floating spars or planks and thus stunned or disabled so as to preclude all chance of their rescue.

—We do not know at the time of this writing whether the manuscript of our friend's work on Italy and her late struggles has been saved. We fear it has not been. One of her trunks is known to have been saved, but, though it contained a good many papers, Mrs. Hasty believes that this was not among them. The author had thrown her whole soul into this work, had enjoyed the fullest opportunities for observation, was herself a partaker in the gallant though unsuccessful struggle which has redeemed the name of Rome from the long rust of sloth, servility and cowardice, was the intimate friend and compatriot of the Republican leaders, and better fitted than any one else to refute the calumnies and falsehoods with which their names have been blackened by the champions of aristocratic 'Order' throughout the civilized world. We cannot forego the hope that her work on Italy has been saved or will yet be recovered. We feel confident that her body and that of her husband will be recovered, though neither had been up to 1 o'clock on Monday.

ANTI-SECTARIAN CONVENTION.

On the 17th and 18th inst., a numerously attended Anti-Sectarian Convention was held in the City of Oswego. Lyndon King was President; John B. Edwards and Benjamin Fish were Vice Presidents; W. Fuller, of Meadville, Penn., and W. Randolph, of Oswego, were Secretaries. Gerrit Smith, Samuel J. May, and A. S. Wing, were the Business Committee. Mr. Smith reported the following Resolutions. Two days were consumed in an interesting discussion. The Resolutions were all adopted:

1. Resolved, That the spirit of Jesus Christ is a meek, lowly, obedient, holy, harmless, undefiled, forbearing, forgiving, brotherly, courageous, self-forgetting, self-sacrificing spirit

2. Resolved, That whilst, on the one hand, he who makes however great account of Christ and the Bible, and yet has not the spirit of Christ, is not a Christian; on the other, he who has this spirit, is a Christian, even though he may never have heard of Christ or the Bible.

3. Resolved, That in examining the evidences of a person's piety, we begin at the wrong end, if we begin at his head instead of his heart; for whilst, on the one hand, the spirit of Christ may be in the heart, and yet much unsound theology in the head, there may, on the other hand, be a sound intellectual faith, where the heart is destitute of the spirit of Christ.

4. Resolved, That to hide a fugitive slave from the pursuit of the Moses Stuarts, Leonard Woods and Jared Sparks, would be infinitely more evidential of piety than all the books, sermons and prayers, of these and the whole brood of inhuman and pro-slavery Divines.

5. Resolved, That no person is to be reconciled to war, rum-selling and slaveholding, until he shall have to come to think it suitable for Jesus Christ to appear in the garments and harness of a soldier; to be employed in setting upon the counter the drinks of the drunkard; and to be swinging the lash over the trembling bleeding slave.

6 Resolved, That it is far less useful to be endeavoring to comprehend and explain the nature of Christ, than to be endeavoring to be like Him; and far less useful to be constructing or sustaining theological systems from the Bible, than to be imbibing its Heavenly Spirit, and obeying its Heavenly precepts.

7. Resolved, That the Gospel of Jesus Christ makes abundant provision for the closer and closer union of His disciples with each other; but makes none at all for their separation from each other; and that the dividing of Christians into parties and sects does no less violence to that mystical body of which they are all members, than is done to the natural or literal body by tearing asunder its constituent parts.

8. Resolved, That the world is perishing in sin, because of that lack of the proof of the truth of Christianity, which can be supplied only by the abandonment of sectarianism, and the union of Christians with each other.

9. Resolved, That nothing short of the plain Bible principle that the Christians of a place are the Church of such place, can ever be effectually applied to the overthow of sectarianism.

10. Resolved, That those Christians who are not prepared to control their church fellowship by this principle, are not prepared to work for the salvation of the world, either at home or abroad—either in christendom or heathendom; and that their first duty is not to labor to multiply the members of Christ, but to acknowledge, love and honor those who are already His members.

11 Resolved, That for the Christians of a place to construct a church, instead of simply accepting the church of such place, as God tenders it to them, is to make themselves guilty of rebelliously planting the God-made church with a Man-made church.

12. Resolved, That to invite to the Lord's supper the members of Man-made churches, instead of Christians, forcibly argues the usurpation, and blindness, and absurdity, of sectarianism.

13. Resolved, That Sectarianism is the deadly enemy of moral reform: and that the purest sect on earth, will, in the trial hour of its integrity, be found to be the rival of Christianity, instead of identical with it.

14 Resolved, That Sectarianism is an unequalled cause of rivalry, and contention, and pride, and prodigality; and that one-tenth of the property which it so wickedly wastes, would be ample to supply, throughout the world, the lack of Bibles and bread.

15. Resolved, That the Roman Catholic Christian is as dear to us as any other Christian; and that whilst we cannot invite him to leave his present sect for any other sect, we do most affectionately invite him to rid himself, and keep himself rid, of all sectarianism, and to offer to every Christian of whatever name, and to receive from every Christian of whatever name, the hand of Christian and church-fellowship.

16. Whereas, it is proper that, among the numerous and widely disagreeing definitions of Sectarianism, we should express our own views:

Resolved, Therefore, that, in our view, Sectarianism consists, simply and solely, in breaking up of the unity of the Christian brotherhood, and that, whilst, on the one hand, he is not a sectarian who, however great may be the errors of his ignorance, or bigotry, still clings to, and contends for, the oneness of the Christian brotherhood; he, on the other hand, who forsakes such brotherhood and confines his sympathies, as a church member, to a sect, is, however large may be the measure of his liberality, knowledge, and piety, a Sectarian.

THE Governor and Counsel of Mass. have appointed R C. Winthrop U. S. Senator, in place of the Hon. Daniel Webster.

AN abolition lecturer has been in the habit of declaiming on his favorite theme near Congress Springs, Saratoga, very much to the discomfort of the Southern visiters. The authorities of Saratoga, in order to reach the case, passed an ordinance against street preaching. To evade the law, the man now speaks from the piazza of a private boarding house.

MASSACHUSETS COAL—The great shaft sunk by the Mansfield Coal Mining Company, has now attained a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet; having passed through another vein of good coal. It is expected that the mammoth vein will be reached when the miners arrive at a depth of about 165 feet.

FRED. DOUGLASS, while on the steamer Alabama, was invited to speak. He declined if there was any one opposed to it. The passengers all said, Speak.—The Cincinnati Gazette says "he is a most eloquent and impressive speaker." He is now in Cincinnati and spoke there to a crowded audience, July 5th, in College Hall, the largest room in the city.—*True Democrat*

THE SLAVERS.—Of the thirty-four men who were captured on board the Martha, alleged to have been engaged in the slave trade, and sent to this port, 24 of them, who are foreigners, and therefore not amenable to our laws, were this day discharged. The captain and two of the crew are under arrest, pending the examination, and seven others of the crew, who are Portugese, are detained as witnesses.

THERE is, with honor be it spoken, of our race, but isolated exceptions to the universal homage paid to the virtue of our deceased President. One Pulpit in Boston was desecrated by the ribaldry of *Theodore Parker* and the New York Anti-Slavery Standard is croaking about the expense of the Funeral.

GEN. TAYLOR'S PROPERTY.—A Washington correspondent of the *Express* says:

Gen. Taylor, I regret to learn, leaves his business affairs in a very unfinished and somewhat doubtful condition. When he left for Mexico, it is stated, that in three sealed letters he left directions for the management of his property in case of his death there, in which was supposed to be a will—and these three letters were not opened till after his burial here—but no will was among them, and the directions applied to a property which is now almost wholly changed in its form.

Indeed his family now have no home, and, therefore, Mrs. Taylor, it is supposed, will not return to Louisiana. His plantation on the Mississippi has been sold since he came here to enable him to purchase a sugar plantation below, so that that home is lost. Previously, however, he had purchased another, midway plantation, but that has turned out to be a very unprofitable piece of property, making no crops, in consequence of being flooded repeatedly. Then the homestead is gone to make one payment on a sugar plantation, on which something like seventy or eighty thousand dollars must now be due—and the middle plantation is under water. Probably some of the Presideutial salary was relied upon to meet the further payment on the sugar plantation, but that salary is gone. You see from their general facts, that Gen. Taylor died in a very unfortunate time for the interest of his family. He had previously, however, to Col. Bliss's marriage with his daughter settled upon her a considerable sum in money.

J. CANDLER AND G. W. ALEXANDER.—These dear friends, who, with their wives, have been engaged for several months, as our readers are aware, in visiting the West Indies, arrived in New York early on the morning of the 24th ult. from Jamaica. We have had the pleasure of seeing them in New York and also in Philadelphia. Their report of the effects of emancipation upon the planters and the colored people, differs widely from the accounts circulated in the newspapers of this country.

A great change has come over the minds of the planters in regard to Slavery, and our friends met with none who would be willing to have the old system restored. They were received everywhere with the utmost kindness, and held large Anti-Slavery meetings in most of the colonies, rejoicing to see even old oppressors bearing testimony to the value of human freedom, and expressing their gladness that Slavery is no more amongst them.

The sentiments of our friends relative to the condition of the laborers and the cause of the existing commercial depression in the islands are similar, we believe, to those expressed by a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, in an article on the British West Indies inserted amongst our Selections.

After visiting Washington and some of our eastern cities, G. W. and C. Alexander expect to return to England, but John and Maria Candler will probably travel westward.—*Non-Slaveholder.*

THE CUBAN PRISONERS.—The final release of the prisoners, citizens of this country, arrested by the Spanish authorities of Cuba, for participation in the invasion of that Island under General Lopez, is fully confirmed. Commander McKeever, of the frigate Congress, has contributed much to the restoration of those misguided men to their country and friends: and deserves the highest credit for his exertions. A friend and correspondent, attached to the same gallant frigate, gives the following interesting account of these captives, now restored to liberty, in a letter just received from him, dated at Havana on the 11th of July:

Commodore McKeever has just received a communication from the Captain-General, to say that the Cuban prisoners arrested on account of alleged participation in the invasion of Lopez, will this day be delivered to him. They are forty-two in number. Just as I had finished the foregoing sentence, I was summoned on deck to receive these Contoy prisoners. Some have been sent on board.

They are real Sir John Falstaff's own. They were mustered on the quarter deck. Such odds and ends of humanity I have rarely seen grouped together. All doubt of their being a part and parcel of the orignal expedition fitted out against Cuba is at an end. They boldly avow it. I have conversed with one among the most intelligent of them, and if they had confessed as much to their captors, as they have to us, the preservation of their lives should be regarded as an act of great humanity.

What a comment is this upon the adventurous dare devil character of the Anglo American? What blessings do these men surrender for the promise of a shadow, and at the risk of a halter. Could you but see them now, as I do, walking about our deck; such a grotesque, I may say picturesque party. You would suppose them to be anything but Americans. They seem rather from Andulasia, or some province of old Spain—and these are the men whose act of folly is causing Great Britain and France to increase their naval strength in these waters—and English statesmen to fume and fret in Parliament? Truly, we are a great nation.

Commodore McKeever has had a parting interview with the Captain General to-day. There are some ten remaining prisoners in his hands; the officers and crews of the two vessels which were captured. They are to be released at once, and it is supposed put on board their vessels. The prisoners, a list of whom I herewith send you, who came on board to-day, have been transferred to the sloop of war Albany, to be taken to Baracoa in a few days. I am writing you in detached hours as events transpire around me. We sail with to-morrow's dawn, and shall sweep out through the Florida Passage, into the broad Atlantic on our way to Brazil.

List of Contoy Prisoners.—A. B. Moore, Wm. J. Holland, Charles N. Paris, James O'Donnell, Arthur Maguire, John Moulson, Joel D. Hogg, Stephen Havenstorm, John L. Carter, Allen P Coalson, James Bennon, Wm. L Hardy, John Blackstone, Charles B. Matthews, James Papley, George W. McDaniel, Wm. Brown, Edward B Davis, John French, Wm. Penton, David Klinger Smith, James McGowan, John W. Winter, John Gibbs, Tho. N. Armstrong, Wm. B. Smith, Wm. McIntosh, James Folair, John Conin, Levi Brown, Alexander Miller, Henry Stevens, Wm. L. Lake, James M. Martin, Henry Smith, John Edill, Joseph Byrne, Antonio Francisco, John S. Neshler, Phillip O'Connor, Alexander N. Jewell, Joseph Reed.—*Phil. Pennsylvanian.*

AMUSING INCIDENT.—A venerable white horse, the property of a member of Gen. Sandford's staff, who has often been called into the militia service, but has never smelt the powder of a real battle field, was yesterday employed to represent "Old Whitey" in the funeral procession The mistake seems, however, to have very generally prevailed of supposing that he was the veritable Whitey, and his stable was visited during the day and evening previous by hundreds who were anxious to get a glimpse of the renowned war-steed or obtain a lock of his hair. So many were gratified in this laudable desire, that he was compelled to appear on parade with but a pitiful vestige of his former ample mane and tail.—*Journal of Commerce, July 24.*

THE Rising Sun (Ia.) *True Whig*, of the 20th inst., contained the following. A man from Pennsylvania, (name unknown) with a wife and six children, left Cincinnati one day last week, in a skiff, intending to go to Madison—and when arriving at North Bend, his wife was taken with the cholera and died in a few hours, her husband nailing a rough box together and imbedding it in the sand, where he left her. On arriving at Millersburgh, a few miles below the place, all the children died but one, and were buried in a like manner. The next day the father died, and was buried on a sand bar, by a fisherman. This completed the whole family, with the exception of a girl three or four years old, which is now living with the fisherman who buried her father. This is certainly one of the most remarkable cases of fatality on record. The surviving girl is not sufficiently advanced in years, to give an accurate account of their origin or destination, the above being the history furnished our informant by the old man, previous to his death.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN EPHRAIM LITTLEFIELD AND PROFESSOR WEBSTER.—Agreeably to a previously expressed wish on the part of Professor Webster, Mr. Littlefield visited him in his cell yesterday noon. Mr. Littlefield was accompanied by Mr. Jailer Andrews, and was cordially received. The interview lasted about an hour.

We learn from another source that Professor Webster seems perfectly resigned and very penitent. He says that he has made his peace above, and is prepared to die. We understand that Mrs. Littlefield will visit the Professor to-day.

It is not the least singular fact among all the circumstances of this affair, that Webster has not yet resigned his "Ewing Professorship of Chemistry and Mineralogy" in Harvard University,—neither has he been removed, nor another been appointed in his place—consequently he is still a full Professor, and it is a full Professor in the first seminary of learning in the United States—who will be executed on Friday, August 20th, unless he anticipates his doom by suicide.—*Boston Times, July 25th.*

THE Cabinet Ministers of the United States, since the commencement of the Republic, have been taken from the respective quarters of the Union, as follows:

	Slave States.	Free States
State Department	14	4
Treasury Department	6	13
War Department	12	15
Navy Department	10	12
Postmaster Generals	5	8
Attorney Generals	15	7
Secretary of Interior	—	1
Total	62	60

ELOQUENT PARALLEL.—The progress of the Free and Slave States is indicative of the merits of their respective political and social systems. In this view the following comparison is of great value.

	Free States.	Slave States.	Maj.
By the 2d section, article 1, of the Constitution, the representation in the House stood	35	30	5
By the 1st census	57	43	9
By the 2d census	76	63	13
By the 3d census	103	78	25
By the 4th census	123	89	34
By the 5th census	141	99	42
By the 6th census (1840)	135	88	47

It must be remarked that since the last census, Wisconsin, with three members, Iowa, with two, Florida, with one, and Texas, with two, have been admitted, thus making the majority of the Free States 49. The present census will no doubt largely increase the disparity. The admission of California will of itself increase the majority to fifty-one.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

GOLD IN OREGON.—While our citizens have been quietly preparing to go to Rogue river to dig for gold this summer, they have been aroused to unusual excitement by the discovery of a rich mine in another direction. The opinion is gaining strength daily, that one of the richest mines on the shores of the Pacific has been discovered in the Spokan country, some four hundred miles from this city, and up the Columbia. We are assured by Captain N. Crosby, who saw it, that the sand which was brought from the Spokan, was in its bulk about one quarter gold. We have always felt confident that there was gold on Powder and Burnt rivers, and this discovery on the Spokan will still more fully confirm the fact that the middle region of Oregon is to become the grand El Dorado of the day.

One party is on its way to the region of this new discovery, if not already there, and others are preparing to follow. On the return of a messenger, who is expected here in a week or two, if he confirms the report, there will be a general rush for that country. In view of this fact, a sub-Indian Agent has gone up the Columbia to prepare the Indians for a new state of things, which will immediately commence in their country.

The country in which this gold has been found is one of the healthiest in the world; and if the mine shall be found to extend over a large region of that country, it will soon be teeming with an overflowing population, attracted thither by the double allurement of gold and health.—*Oregon Spectator*

A REMARKABLE freak of a maniac is noticed by the *Trenton True American* as having occurred at Bordentown on Tuesday morning. The locomotive which was to bring the morning train from Bordentown to Trenton was missed, and the engineers procured another. When they reached Trenton they discovered the missing one fast in the switches, blowing off steam at a great rate.

"When they came to it, they found a man trying to rebuild the fire, and the water and cinders splashing him and the engine It seems that a crazy man, hailing from New Hope, Pa. had come here to Bordentown on Monday evening, and returned in the same train. Some time during the night, or early in the morning, this madman had gone to the engine, kindled a fire, put on one of the pumps which had been taken off, and not finding the oil, had melted tallow, with which he greased all the apparatus, and, putting on the steam, came up to the city like "a streak of greased lightning. The engine had been managed very well, as it was not at all injured; but it is supposed he did not know how to back it when he got in the switches here, which were locked. We understatand he must have passed one or two switches before reaching this station. He said he took the engine to see how fast it could be made to go. He was taken back to Bordentown, and sent thence to his friends. His escape from destruction was very lucky for him.

J. ELIZABETH JONES has been delivering a course of Anotomical and Physiological Lectures at New Philadelphia (Tuscarawas Co.) with eminent success. The class numbered over 30. She is now at Canal Dover. *Bugle.*

THE MANNER OF MUNGO PARK'S DEATH.—The Rev. George Chapman, at Kumasi, met with an old Moor, from the interior, who declared that he had been at the scene of Mungo Park's death, and described it thus:—"Mr. Park was making his way down the Niger in his boat, and parties of the natives running along the banks, watching his progress. They were approaching very dangerous shallows, and the natives cried out several times to warn them; but they were not understood, and at last, fearing the boat would perish, several rushed into the water to save them. This was mistaken for a hostile movement, they were fired on, and some killed or wounded; in return for which they murdered the whole party, and rifled their boat and persons.—*Post.*

WE learn that some 25 or 30 rowdies broke into the house of a negro named James Johnson, last night, about midnight, took him out of bed, gave him a cost of tar and feathers; tied a rope around him, and towed him up and down the canal for a long time. They then took him out and let him go. Some of the rioters are men of property,—one probably worth $30,000 The alleged offence of the negro was asking a white woman to go to his house; but we learn that it was a mere allegation. The negro is a married man, and is said to be industrious and well behaved. We are sorry to chronicle the occurrence of such a disgraceful outrage in this neighborhood. But let the law be vindicated. —*Roch Adv.*

MARRIAGES.

ISELIN—WINSLOW—In Havre (France), July 4, Wm. Iselin, Esq., merchant of that city, to Miss Maria, youngest daughter of Jeremiah Winslow, Esq., formerly of Maine.

DEATHS.

WALLEY.—At Burlington, Vt., a few days since, S. H. Walley, Esq., of dysentery, aged 72 years.

BARNABY.—At Fairmount, Stark Co., Ohio, on Sixth day morning the 12th inst., Catharine Barnaby, wife of Stephen Barnaby, in the 42d year of her age.

PEARSON.—At Boston, on Friday 26th July, Daniel Pearson—killed by the hangman.

KING.—At Danvers, Mass., on the 26th ult., Hon. Daniel P. King, member of Congress.

MASON.—At St. Louis, Mo., on the 26th ult, of cholera, Gen. Richard B. Mason, U. S. A.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

ANNIVERSARY OF EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

The Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society having voted that they would celebrate the approaching Anniversary of West India Emancipation by a public meeting in the city of WORCESTER, the Committee of Arrangements would give notice, that the use of the beautiful and spacious CITY HALL of Worcester has been granted for that occasion; and on behalf of the Society, and for the sake of three millions of slaves of this country, whose emancipation is still delayed and scornfully refused, they would invite all the true sons and daughters not of Massachusetts alone, but of New England to assemble on that day in WORCESTER, and renew the demand for that Emancipation in the name of Justice, Humanity, and of God.

Let early, extensive, and general preparation be made for a meeting which shall surpass all that have gone before.

It should be remembered that Worcester is peculiarly easy of access, by rail-road, not only from other parts of the State, but from Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont; and it is hoped and earnestly desired that a numerous delegation will be present from each of those States.

The Committee of Arrangements, chosen by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, are as follows:—Francis Jackson of Boston, Samuel May, Jr., of Leicester, Joshua T. Everett of Princeton, Benjamin P. Rice, Leander Eaton, Joseph A. Howland, and Martin Stowell, of Worcester; and Alfred Wyman of Westminster.

The meeting will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. The most able and distinguished advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause are engaged to be present.

Arrangements have been made with the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company to transport Passengers from Boston to Worcester, and back again, for *one dollar each.*

A train of cars will leave the Boston and Worcester station, at Albany street, precisely at 8 o'clock on THURSDAY MORNING, August 1st.

Returning will leave Worcester at 5 o'clock, in the afternoon. SPECIAL TICKETS for the excursion may be purchased on the morning of the first, at the ticket office of the Boston station.

The friends, who may may join us at they way stations between Boston and Farmingham, can obtain special tickets in the cars, either of Francis Jackson or R. F. Wallcut.

☞ The Providence and Worcester Railroad Company will carry passengers to Worcester on the 1st., from the several stations on their road, *at half the usual fares.* And will dispatch a separate return train, to leave Worcester at 5, P. M.

☞ The Worcester and Nashau Railroad Company and the Fitchburg and Worcester Railroad Company will also convey passengers on their several lines, on that day, at half the usual fares. A special return train will leave Worcester at 5 o'clock.

N. B. It is hoped the Western Railroad Company will do the same, but no answer has yet been received.

For the Committee,

SAMUEL MAY, JR.

THE SEVENTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To be held in Boston, commencing on Thursday, the 19th of December, 1850.

It is entirely unnecessary for the undersigned to enlarge upon the importance of this undertaking, the force and solemnity of the motives that have induced them to enter upon and continue it, or the encouraging success that has from year to year crowned the effort.

The patient labor of years has not been in vain.—The strongholds of apathy and indifference, ever the most hopeless, have been stormed and carried. The mind of the whole country is aroused to to its utmost activity, and He who makes the wrath of man praise Him, by the over-ruling of it to the carrying forward of his own gracious purposes, enables us to see, in the changing schemes and cowardly combinations of political parties, the hitherto undreamed of treason of eminent Northern statesmen, the increased confusion, violence, not to say madness, of the Southern slavemasters, those elements of human weakness and passion from which, when conflicting on so grand a scale as at present, evolve the great changes which are the waymarks of History.

Hardly could it occur to the most ignorant and thoughtless mind, that the abolition of American slavery could take place but by an agitation that should convulse the whole nation. The indications that accompany all great changes must be seen here; 'upon the earth, distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.'

Under these circumstances, the clear-toned utterance of *entire and abstract truth* is needed as never before. Amid the clamor of combinations, compromises, propositions and expedients, the trumpet of the Abolitionists should give forth no uncertain sound. As the sole depositories of those truths which alone can save this nation, how deeply should they feel the importance of the position they occupy! It is left to them to declare by words, and by the corresponding actions that alone give words significance, that the distinction between right and wrong is eternal and immutable; that justice, duty, heroism, are verities, whose teachings it is neither safe nor wise to question. Hence follows the simple confession of faith that serves as a cloud and fire through the most pro-slavery wilderness. Slavery is, under all circumst

Miscellany.

THE SERF OF POBEREZE.

THE materials for the following tale were furnished to the writer while travelling last year near the spot on which the events it narrates took place. It is intended to convey a notion of some of the phases of Polish, or rather Russian serfdom (for, as truly explained by one of the characters in a succeeding page, it *is* Russian), and of the catastrophes it has occasioned, not only in Catherine's time, but occasionally at the present. The Polish nobles—themselves in slavery—earnestly desire the emancipation of their serfs, which Russian domination forbids.

The small town of Pobereze stands at the foot of a stony mountain, watered by numerous springs in the district of Podolia, in Poland. It consists of a mass of miserable cabins, with a Catholic chapel and two Greek churches in the midst, the latter distinguished by their gilded towers. On one side of the market-place stands the only inn, and on the opposite side are several shops, from whose doors and windows look out several dirtily dressed Jews. At a little distance, on a hill covered with vines and fruit-trees, stands the Palace, which does not, perhaps, exactly merit such an appellation, but who would dare to call otherwise the dwelling of the lord of the domain?

On the morning when our tale opens, there had issued from this palace the common enough command to the superintendent of the estate, to furnish the master with a couple of strong boys, for service in the stables, and a young girl, to be employed in the wardrobe. Accordingly, a number of the best-looking young peasants of Olgogrod assembled in the broad avenue leading to the palace. Some were accompanied by their sorrowful and weeping parents, in all of whose hearts, however, rose the faint and whispered hope, "Perhaps it will not be *my* child they will choose!"

Being brought into the court-yard of the palace, the Count Roszynski, with the several members of his family, had come out to pass in review his growing subjects. He was a small and insignificant-looking man, about fifty years of age, with deep-set eyes and overhanging brows. His wife, who was nearly of the same age, was immensely stout, with a vulgar face and a loud disagreeable voice. She made herself ridiculous in endeavoring to imitate the manners and bearing of the aristocracy, into whose sphere she and her husband were determined to force themselves, in spite of the humbleness of their origin. The father of the "Right Honorable" Count Roszynski was a valet, who, having been a great favorite with his master, amassed sufficient money to enable his son, who inherited it, to purchase the extensive estate of Olgogrod, and with it the sole proprietorship of 1600 human beings. Over them he had complete control; and, when maddened by oppression, if they dared resent, woe unto them! They could be thrust into a noisome dungeon, and chained by one hand from the light of day for years, until their very existence was forgotten by all except the jailer who brought daily their pitcher of water and morsel of dry bread.

Some of the old peasants say that Sava, father of the young peasant girl, who stands by the side of an old woman, at the head of her companions in the court-yard, is immured in one of these subterranean jails. Sava was always about the Count, who, it was said, had brought him from some distant land, with his little motherless child. Sava placed her under the care of an old man and woman, who had the charge of the bees in a forest near the palace, where he came occasionally to visit her. But once, six long months passed, and he did not come! In vain Anielka wept, in vain she cried, "Where is my father?" No father appeared. At last it was said that Sava had been sent to a long distance with a large sum of money, and had been killed by robbers. In the ninth year of one's life the most poignant grief is quickly effaced, and after six months Anielka ceased to grieve. The old people were very kind to her, and loved her as if she were their own child. That Anielka might be chosen to serve in the palace never entered their head, for who would be so barbarous as to take the child away from an old woman of seventy and her aged husband?

To-day was the first time in her life that she had been so far from home. She looked curiously on all she saw—particularly on a young lady about her own age, beautifully dressed, and a youth of eighteen, who had apparently just returned from a ride on horseback, as he held a whip in his hand, whilst walking up and down examining the boys who were placed in a row before him. He chose two amongst them, and the boys were led away to the stables.

"And I choose this young girl," said Constantia Roszynski, indicating Anielka. "she is the prettiest of them all. I do not like ugly faces about me."

When Constantia returned to the drawing-room, she gave orders for Anielka to be taken to her apartments, and placed under the tutelage of Mademoiselle Dufour, a French maid, recently arrived from the first milliner's shop in Odessa. Poor girl! when they separated her from her adopted mother, and began leading her towards the palace, she rushed, with a shriek of agony, from them, and grasped her old protectress tightly in her arms! They were torn violently asunder, and the Count Roszynski quietly asked, "Is it her daughter, or her granddaughter?"

"Neither, my lord—only an adopted child."

"But who will lead the old woman home, as she is blind?"

"I will, my lord," replied one of his servants, bowing to the ground; "I will let her walk by the side of my horse, and when she is in her cabin she will have her old husband—they must take care of each other."

So saying, he moved away with the rest of the peasants and domestics. But the poor old woman had to be dragged along by two men; for, in the midst of her shrieks and tears, she had fallen to the ground, almost without life.

And Anielka? They did not allow her to weep long. She had now to sit all day in the corner of a room to sew. She was expected to do everything well from the first; and if she did not, she was kept without food or cruelly punished. Morning and evening she had to help Mdlle. Dufour to dress and undress her mistress. But Constantia, although she looked with hauteur on everybody beneath her, and expected to be slavishly obeyed, was tolerably kind to the poor orphan. Her true torment began, when, on leaving her young lady's room, she had to assist Mdlle. Dufour. Notwithstanding that she tried sincerely to do her best, she was never able to satisfy her, or to draw from her aught but harsh reproaches.

Thus two months passed.

One day Mdlle. Dufour went very early to confession, and Anielka was seized with an eager longing to gaze once more in peace and freedom on the beautiful blue sky and green trees, as she used to do when the first rays of the rising sun streamed in at the window of the little forest cabin. She ran into the garden. Enchanted by the sight of so many beautiful flowers, she went farther and farther along the smooth and winding walks, till she entered the forest. She who had been so long away from her beloved trees, roamed where they were thickest. Here she gazes boldly around. She sees no one! She is alone! A little farther on she meets with a rivulet which flows through the forest. Here she remembers that she has not yet prayed. She kneels down, and, with hands clasped and eyes upturned, she begins to sing in a sweet voice the Hymn to the Virgin.

As she went on, she sang louder and with increased fervor. Her breast heaved with emotion, her eyes shone with unusual brilliancy; but when the hymn was finished, she lowered her head, tears began to fall over her cheeks, until at last she sobbed aloud. She might have remained long in this condition, had not some one come behind her, saying, "Do not cry, my poor girl; it is better to sing than to weep." The intruder raised her head, wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, and kissed her on the forehead.

It was the Count's son, Leon!

"You must not cry," he continued; "be calm, and when the filipony (pedlars) come, buy yourself a pretty handkerchief." He then gave her a rouble and walked away. Anielka, after concealing the coin in her corset, ran quickly back to the palace.

Fortunately, Mdlle. Dufour had not yet returned, and Anielka seated herself in her accustomed corner. She often took out the rouble to gaze fondly upon it, and set to work to make a little purse, which, having fastened to a ribbon, she hung round her neck. She did not dream of spending it, for it would have deeply grieved her to part with the gift of the only person in the whole house who had looked kindly on her.

From this time Anielka remained always in her young mistress' room; she was better dressed, and Mdlle. Dufour ceased to persecute her. To what did she owe this sudden change? Perhaps to a remonstrance from Leon. Constantia ordered Anielka to sit beside her whilst taking her lessons from her music-masters, and on her going to the drawing-room, she was left in her apartments alone. Being thus more kindly treated, Anielka lost by degrees her timidity; and when her young mistress, whilst occupied over some embroidery, would tell her to sing, she did so boldly and with a steady voice. A greater favor awaited her. Constantia, when unoccupied, began teaching Anielka to read in Polish; and Mdlle. Dufour thought thought it politic to follow the example of her mistress, and began to teach her French.

Meanwhile, a new kind of torment commenced. Having easily learnt the two languages, Anielka acquired an irresistible passion for reading. Books had for her the charm of the forbidden fruit, for she could only read by stealth at night, or when her mistress went visiting in the neighborhood. The kindness hitherto shown her, for a time, began to relax. Leon had set off on a tour, accompanied by his old tutor, and a bosom friend as young, as gay, and as thoughtless as himself.

So passed the two years of Leon's absence. When he returned, Anielka was seventeen, and had become tall and handsome. No one who had not seen her during this time, would have recognized her. Of this number was Leon. In the midst of perpetual gaiety and change, it was not possible he could have remembered a poor peasant girl; but in Anielka's memory he had remained as a superior being, as her benefactor, as the only one who had spoken kindly to her, when poor, neglected, forlorn! When in some French romance she met with a young man of twenty, of a noble character and handsome appearance, she bestowed on him the name of Leon. The recollection of the kiss he had given her ever brought a burning blush to her cheek, and made her sigh deeply.

One day Leon came to his sister's room. Anielka was there, seated in a corner at work. Leon himself had considerably changed: from a boy he had grown into a man. "I suppose Constantia," he said, "you have been told what a good boy I am, and with what docility I shall submit myself to the matrimonial yoke, which the Count and Countess have provided, for me?" and he began whistling, and danced some steps of the Mazurka.

"Perhaps you will be refused," said Constantia coldly.

"Refused! Oh, no. The old Prince has already given his consent, and as for his daughter, she is desperately in love with me. Look at these moustachios, could anything be more irresistible?" and he glanced in the glass and twirled them round his fingers; then continuing in a graver tone, he said, "To tell the sober truth, I cannot say that I reciprocate. My intended is not at all to my taste. She is nearly thirty, and so thin that whenever I look at her, I am reminded of my old tutor's anatomical sketches. But, thanks to her Parisian dress-maker, she makes up a tolerably good figure, and looks well in a Cachemere. Of all things, you know, I wished for a wife with an imposing appearance, and I don't care about love. I find it's not fashionable, and only exists in the exalted imagination of poets."

"Surely people are in love with one another sometimes," said the sister.

"Sometimes," repeated Anielka, inaudibly. The dialogue had painfully affected her, and she knew not why. Her heart beat quickly, and her face was flushed, and made her look more lovely than ever.

"Perhaps. Of course we profess to adore every pretty woman," Leon added abruptly. "But, my dear sister, what a charming ladies' maid you have!" He approached the corner where Anielka sat, and bent on her a coarse familiar smile. Anielka, although a serf, was displeased, and returned it with a glance full of dignity. But when her eyes rested on the youth's handsome face, a feeling, which had been gradually and silently growing in her young and inexperienced heart, predominated over her pride and displeasure. She wished ardently to recall herself to Leon's memory, and half unconsciously raised her hand to the little purse which always hung round her neck. She took from it the rouble he had given her.

"See!" shouted Leon, "what a droll girl; how proud she is of her riches! Why, girl, you are a woman of fortune, mistress of a whole rouble!"

"I hope she came by it honestly," said the old Countess, who at this moment entered.

At this insinuation, shame and indignation kept Anielka, for a time, silent. She replaced the money quickly in its purse, with the bitter thought that the few happy moments which had been so indelibly stamped upon her memory, had been utterly forgotten by Leon. To clear herself, she at last stammered out, seeing they all looked at her enquiringly, "Do you not remember, M. Leon, that you gave me this coin two years ago in the garden?"

"How odd!" exclaimed Leon, laughing, "do you expect me to remember all the pretty girls to whom I have given money? But I suppose you are right, or you would not have treasured up this untortunate rouble as if it were a holy relic. You should not be a miser, child; money is made to be spent."

"Pray, put an end to these jokes," said Constantia impatiently; "I like this girl, and I will not have her teased. She understands my ways better than any one, and often puts me in good humor with her beautiful voice."

"Sing something for me, pretty damsel," said Leon, "and I will give you another rouble, a new and shining one."

"Sing instantly," said Constantia imperiously.

At this command Anielka could no longer stifle her grief; she covered her face with her hands, and wept violently.

"Why do you cry?" asked her mistress impatiently; "I cannot bear it; I desire you to do as you are bid."

It might have been from the constant habit of slavish obedience, or a strong feeling of pride, but Anielka instantly ceased weeping. There was a moment's pause, during which the old Countess went grumbling out of the room. Anielka chose the Hymn to the Virgin she had warbled in the garden, and as she sung, she prayed fervently; she prayed for peace, for deliverance from the acute emotions which had been aroused within her. Her earnestness gave an intensity of expression to the melody, which affected her listeners. They were silent for some moments after its conclusion. Leon walked up and down with his arms folded on his breast. Was it agitated with pity for the accomplished young slave? or by any other tender emotion? What followed will show.

"My dear Constantia," he said, suddenly stopping before his sister and kissing her hand, "will you do me a favor?"

Constantia looked enquiringly in her brother's face without speaking.

"Give me this girl."

"Impossible!"

"I am quite in earnest," continued Leon, "I wish to offer her to my future wife. In the Prince her father's private chapel they are much in want of a solo soprano."

"I shall not give her to you," said Constantia.

"Not as a free gift, but in exchange. I will give you instead a charming young negro—so black. The women in St. Petersburg and in Paris raved about him: but I was inexorable; I halt-refused him to my princess."

"No, no," replied Constantia; "I shall be lonely without this girl, I am so used to her."

"Nonsense! you can get peasant girls by the dozen; but a black page, with teeth whiter than ivory, and purer than pearls; a perfect original in his way; you surely cannot withstand. You will kill half the province with envy. A negro servant is the most fashionable thing going, and yours will be the first imported into the province."

This argument was irresistible. "Well," replied Constantia, "when do you think of taking her?"

"Immediately; to-day at five o'clock," said Leon; and he went merrily out of the room. This then was the result of his cogitation—of Anielka's Hymn to the Virgin. Constantia ordered Anielka to prepare herself for the journey, with as little emotion as if she had exchanged away a lap-dog, or parted with a parrot.

She obeyed in silence. Her heart was full. She went into the garden that she mtght relieve herself by weeping unseen. With one hand supporting her burning heads and the other pressed tightly against her heart, to stifle her sobs, she wandered on mechanically till she found herself by the side of the river. She felt quickly for her purse, intending to throw the rouble into the water, but as quickly thrust it back again, for she could not bear to part with the treasure. She felt as if without it she would be still more an orphan. Weeping bitterly, she leaned against the tree which had once before witnessed her tears.

By degrees the stormy passion within her gave place to calm reflection. This day she was to go away; she was to dwell beneath another roof, to serve another mistress. Humiliation! always humiliation! But at least it would be some change in her life. As she thougt of this, she returned hastily to the palace, that she might not, on the last day of her servitude, incur the anger of her young mistress.

Scarcely was Anielka attired in her prettiest dress, when Constantia came to her with a little box, from which she took several gay-colored ribbons, and decked her in them herself, that the serf might do her credit in the new family. And when Anielka, bendnig down to her feet, thanked her, Constantia, with marvellous condescension, kissed her on her forehead. Even Leon cast an admiring glance upon her. His servant soon after came to conduct her to the carriage, and, showing her where to seat herself, they rolled off quickly towards Radapol.

For the first time in her life Anielka rode in a carriage. Her head turned quite giddy, she could not look at the trees and fields as they flew past her; but by degress she became more accustomed to it, and, the fresh air enlivening her spirits, she performed the rest of the journey in a tolerably happy state of mind. At last they arrived in the spacious court-yard before the Palace of Radapol, the dwelling of a once rich and powerful Polish family, now partly in ruin. It was evident, even to Anielka, that the marriage was one for money on the one side, and for rank on the other.

Among other renovations at the castle, occasioned by the approaching marriage, the owner of it, Prince Pelazia, had obtained signers for the chapel, and had engaged Signor Justiniani, an Italian, as chapel-master. Immediately on Leon's arrival, Anielka was presented to him. He made her sing a scale, and pronounced her voice to be excellent.

Anielka found that, in Radapol, she was treated with a little more consideration than at Olgogrod, although she had often to submit to the caprices of her new mistress, and she found less time to read. But to console herself, she gave all her attention to singing, which she practised several hours a day. Her naturally great capacity, under the guidance of the Italian, began to develope itself steadily. Besides sacred, he taught her operatic music. On one occasion Anielka sung an aria in so impassioned and masterly a style, that the enraptured Justiniani clapped his hands for joy, skipped about the room, and, not finding words enough to praise her, exclaimed several times, "Prima Donna! Prima Donna!"

But the lessons were interrupted. The Princess' wedding-day was fixed upon, after which event she and Leon were to go to Florence, and Anielka was to accompany them. Alas! feelings which gave her poignant misery still clung to her. She despised herself for her weakness; but she loved Leon. The sentiment was too deeply implanted in her bosom to be eradicated; too strong to be resisted. It was the first love of a young and guileless heart, and had grown in silence and despair.

Anielka was most anxious to know something of her adopted parents. Once, after the old prince had heard her singing, he asked her with great kindness about her home. She replied, that she was an orphan, and had been taken by force from those who had so kindly supplied the place of parents. Her apparent attachment to the old bee-keeper and his wife so pleased the prince, that he said, "You are a good child, Anielka, and to-morrow I will send you to visit them." You shall take them some presents."

Anielka, overpowered with gratitude, threw herself at the feet of the prince. She dreamed all night of the happiness that was in store for her, and the joy of the poor, forsaken, old people; and when the next morning she set off, she could scarcely restrain her impatience. At last they approached the cabin; she saw the forest, with its tall trees, and the meadows covered with flowers. She leaped from the carriage, that she might be nearer these trees and flowers, every one of which she seemed to recognize. The weather was beautiful. She breathed with avidity the pure air which, in imagination, brought to her the kisses and caresses of her poor father! Her foster-father was, doubtless, occupied with his bees; but his wife?

Anielka opened the door of the cabin; all was silent and deserted. The arm-chair on which the poor old woman used to sit, was overturned in a corner. Anielka was chilled by a fearful presentiment. She went with a slow step towards the beehives; there she saw a little boy tending the bees, whilst the old man was stretched on the ground beside him. The rays of the sun, falling on his pale and sickly face, showed that he was very ill. Anielka stooped down over him, and said, "It is I, it is Anielka, your own Anielka, who always loves you."

The old man raised his head, gazed upon her with a ghastly smile, and took off his cap.

"And my good old mother, where is she?" Anielka asked.

"She is dead!" answered the old man, and, falling back, he began laughing idiotically. Anielka wept. She gazed earnestly on the worn frame, the pale and wrinkled cheeks, in which scarcely a sign of life could be perceived; it seemed to her that he had suddenly fallen asleep, and, not wishing to disturb him, she went to the carriage for the presents. When she returned, she took his hand. It was cold. The poor old bee-keeper had breathed his last!

Anielka was carried almost senseless back to the carriage, which quickly returned with her to the castle. There she revived a little; but the recollection that she was now quite alone in the world, almost drove her to despair.

Her master's wedding and the journey to Florence were a dream to her. Though the strange sights of a strange city slowly restored her perceptions, they did not her cheerfulness. She felt as if she could no longer endure the misery of her life; she prayed to die.

"Why are you so unhappy?" said the Count Leon kindly to her, one day.

To have explained the cause of her wretchedness would have been death indeed.

"I am going to give you a treat," continued Leon. "A celebrated singer is to appear to night in the theatre. I will send you to hear her, and afterwards you shall sing to me what you remember of her performances."

Anielka went. It was a new era in her existence. Herself, by this time, an artist, she could forget her griefs, and enter with her whole soul into the beauties of the art she now heard practised in perfection for the first time. To music, a chord responded in her breast which vibrated powerfully. During the performances she was at one moment pale and trembling, tears rushing into her eyes; at another, she was ready to throw herself at the feet of the cantatrice, in an ecstacy of admiration. "Prima donna," —by that name the public called on her to receive their applause, and it was the same, thought Anielka, that Justiniani had bestowed upon her. Could *she* also be a prima donna? What a glorious destiny! To be able to communicate one's own emotions to masses of entranced listeners; to awaken in them, by the power of the voice, grief, love, terror.

Strange thoughts continued to haunt her on her return home. She was unable to sleep. She formed desperate plans. At last she resolved to throw off the yoke of servitude, and the still more painful slavery of feelings which her pride disdained. Having learnt the address of the prima donna, she went early one morning to her house.

On entering she said, in French, almost incoherently, so great was her agitation—"Madam, I am a poor serf belonging to a Polish family who have lately arrived in Florence. I have escaped from them; protect, shelter me. They say I can sing."

The Signora Teresina, a warm-hearted, passionate Italian, was interested by her artless earnestness. She said, "Poor child! you must have suffered much,"—she took Anielka's hand in hers. "You say you can sing; let me hear you." Anielka seated herself on an ottoman. She clasped her hands over her knees, and tears fell into her lap. With plaintive pathos, and perfect truth of intonation, she prayed in song. The Hymn of the Virgin seemed to Teresina to be offered up by inspiration.

The Signora was astonished. "Where," she asked, in wonder, "were you taught?"

Anielka narrated her history, and when she had finished, the prima donna spoke so kindly to her that she felt as if she had known her for years. Anielka was Teresina's guest that day and the next. After the opera, on the third day, the prima donna made her sit beside her, and said:—

"I think you are a very good girl, and you shall stay with me always."

The girl was almost beside herself with joy.

"We will never part. Do you consent, Anielka?"

"Do not call me Anielka. Give me instead some Italian name."

"Well, then, be Giovanna. The dearest friend I ever had—but whom I have lost—was named Giovanna," said the prima donna.

"Then, I will be another Giovanna to you."

Teresina then said, "I hesitated to receive you at first, for your sake as well as mine; but you are safe now. I learn that your master and mistress, after searching vainly for you, have returned to Poland."

From this time Anielka commenced an entirely new life. She took lessons in singing every day from the Signora, and got an engagement to appear in inferior characters at the theatre. She had now her own income, and her own servant—she, who had till then been obliged to serve herself. She acquired the Italian language, and soon passed for a native of the country.

So passed three years. New and varied impressions failed, however, to blot out the old ones. Anielka arrived at great perfection in her singing, and even began to surpass the prima donna, who was losing her voice from weakness of the chest. This sad discovery changed the cheerful temper of Teresina. She ceased to sing in public; for she could not endure to excite pity, where she had formerly commanded admiration.

She determined to retire. "You," she said to Anielka, "shall now assert your claim to the first rank in the vocal art. You will maintain it. You surpass me. Often, on hearing you sing, I have scarcely been able to stifle a feeling of jealousy."

Anielka placed her hand on Teresina's shoulder, and kissed her.

"Yes," continued Teresina, regardless of everything but the bright future she was shaping for her friend. We will go to Vienna—there you will be understood and appreciated. You shall sing at the Italian Opera, and I will be by your side—unknown, no longer sought, worshipped—but will glory in your triumphs. They will be a repetition of my own; for have I not taught you? Will they not be the result of my work?"

Though Anielka's ambition was fired, her heart was softened, and she wept violently.

Five months had scarcely elapsed, when a *furore* was created in Vienna by the first appearance, at the Italian Opera, of the Signora Giovanna. Her enormous salary at once afforded her the means of even extravagant expenditure. Her haughty treatment of male admirers only attracted new ones; but in the midst of her triumphs she thought often of the time when the poor orphan of Pobereze was cared for by nobody. This remembrance made her receive the flatteries of the crowd with an ironical smile; their fine speeches fell coldly on her ear, their eloquent looks made no impression on her heart: *that*, no change could alter, no temptation win.

In the flood of unexpected success a new misfortune overwhelmed her. Since their arrival at Vienna, Teresina's health rapidly declined, and in the sixth month of Anielka's operatic reign she expired, leaving all her wealth, which was considerable, to her friend.

Once more Anielka was alone in the world. Despite all the honors and blandishments of her position the old feeling of desolateness came upon her. The new shock destroyed her health. She was unable to appear on the stage. To sing was a painful effort; she grew indifferent to what passed around her. Her greatest consolation was in succouring the poor and friendless, and her generosity was most conspicuous to all young orphan girls without fortune. She had never ceased to love her native land, and seldom appeared in society, unless it was to meet her countrymen. If ever she sang it was in Polish.

A year had elapsed since the death of the Signora Teresina when the Count Selka a rich noble of Volkynia at that time in Vienna, solicited her presence at a party. It was impossible to refuse the Count and his lady, from whom she had received great kindness. She went. When in their soloons, filled with all the fashion and aristocracy in Vienna, the name of Giovanna was announced a general murmur was heard. She entered, pale and languid, and proceeded between the two rows made for her by the admiring assembly, to the seat of honor beside the mistress of the house.

Shortly after the Count Selka led her to the piano. She sat down before it, and thinking what she should sing, glanced round upon the assembly. She could not help feeling that the admiration which beamed from the faces around her was the work of her own merit, for she had neglected the gift of her nature—her voice, she could not have excited it.—With a blushing cheek, and eyes sparkling with an honest pride, she struck the piano with a firm hand, and from her seemingly weak and delicate chest poured forth a touching Polish melody, with a voice pure, sonorous, and plaintive. Tears were in many eyes, and the beating of every heart was quickened.

The song was finished, but the wondering silence was unbroken. Giovanna leaned exhausted on the arm of the chair, and cast down her eyes. On again raising them, she perceived a gentleman who gazed fixedly at her, as if he still listened to echoes which had not yet died within him. The master of the house, to dissipate his thoughtfulness, led him towards Giovanna. "Let me present to you Signora," he said, "a countryman, the Count Leon Roszynski."

The lady trembled; she silently bowed, fixed her eyes on the ground, and dared not raise them.—Pleading indisposition, which was fully justified by her pallid features, she soon after withdrew.

When on the following day Giovanna's servant announced the Counts Selka and Roszynska, a peculiar smile played on her lips; and when they entered, she received the latter with the cold and formal politeness of a stranger. Controlling the feelings of her heart, she schooled her features to an expression of indifference. It was manifest from Leon's manner, that without the remotest recognition, an indefinable presentiment regarding her possessed him. The Counts had called to know if Giovanna had recovered from her indisposition. Leon begged to be permitted to call again.

Where was his wife! why did he never mention her? Giovanna continually asked herself these questions when they had departed.

A few nights after, the Count Leon arrived sad and thoughtful. He prevailed on Giovanna to sing one of her Polish melodies; which she told him had been taught, when a child, by her muse. Roszynski, unable to restrain the expression of an intense admiration he had long felt, frantically seized her hand, and exclaimed, "I love you!"

She withdrew it from his grasp, remained silent for a few minutes, and then said slowly, distinctly, and ironically, "But I do not love *you*, Count Roszynski."

Leon rose from his seat. He pressed his hands to his brow, and was silent. Giovanna remained calm and tranquil. "It is a penalty from Heaven," continued Leon, as if speaking to himself, "for not having fulfilled my duty as a husband towards one whom I choose voluntarily, but without reflection. I wronged her, and am punished."

Giovanna turned her eyes upon him. Leon continued, "Young, and with a heart untouched, I married a princess about ten years older than myself, of eccentric habits and bad temper. She treated me as an inferior. She dissipated the fortune hoarded up with so much care by my parents, and yet was ashamed on account of my origin to be called by my name. Happily for me, she was fond of visiting and amusements. Otherwise, to escape from her, I might have become a gambler, or worse; but, to avoid meeting her, I remained at home—for there she seldom was. At first from ennui, but afterwards from real delight in the occupation, I gave myself up to study. Reading formed my mind and heart. I became a changed being. Some months ago my father died, my sister went to Lithuania, whilst my mother, in her old age, with her ideas, was quite incapable of understanding my sorrow. So when my wife went to the baths for the benefit of her ruined health, I came here in the hope of meeting with some of my friends—I saw you—"

Giovanna blushed like one detected; but speedily recovering herself, asked with calm pleasantry, "Surely you do not number me among your former friends?"

"I know not. I have been bewildered. It is strange; but from the moment I saw you at Count Selka's, a powerful instinct of love overcame me; not a new feeling; but as if some latent, long-hid, undeveloped sentiment had suddenly burst forth into an uncontrollable passion. I love, I adore you. I ——"

The Prima Donna interrupted him—not with speech, but with a look which awed, which chilled him. Pride, scorn, irony sat in her smile. Satire darted from her yes. After a pause, she repeated slowly and pointedly, "Love *me*, Count Roszynski?"

"Such is my destiny," he replied. "Nor, despite your scorn, will I struggle against it. I feel it is my fate ever to love you; I fear it is my fate never to be loved by you. It is dreadful."

Giovanna witnessed the Count's emotion with sadness. "To have," she said mournfully, "one's first pure, ardent, passionate affection unrequited, scorned, made a jest of, is indeed a bitterness, almost equal to that of death."

She made a strong effort to conceal her emotion. Indeed she controlled it so well as to speak the rest with a sort of gaiety.

"You have at least been candid, Count Roszynski; I will imitate you by telling a little history that occurred in your country. There was a poor girl born and bred a serf to her wealthy lord and master. When scarcely fifteen years old, she was torn from a state of happy rustic freedom—the freedom of humility and content—to be one of the courtly slaves of the Palace. Those who did not laugh at her scolded her. One kind word was vouchsafed to her, and that came from the Lord's son. She nursed it and treasured it; till, from long concealing and restraining her feelings, she at last found that gratitude had changed into a sincere affection. But what does a man of the world care for the love of a serf? It does not even flatter his vanity. The young nobleman did not understand the source of her tears and her grief, and he made a present of her, as he would have done of some animal to his bethrothed."

Leon, agitated and somewhat enlightened, would have interrupted her; but Giovanna said, "Allow me to finish my tale. Providence did not abandon this poor orphan, but permitted her to rise to distinction by the talent with which she was endowed by nature. The wretched serf of Pobereze became a celebrated Italian cantatrice. *Then* her former lord meeting her in society, and seeing her admired and courted by all the world, without knowing who she really was, was afflicted, as if by the dictates of Heaven, with a love for this same girl,—with a guilty love"—

And Giovanna rose, as she said this, to remove herself further from her admirer.

"No, no!" he replied earnestly; "with a pure and holy passion."

"Impossible!" returned Giovanna. "Are you not married?"

Roszynski vehemently tore a letter from his vest, and handed it to Giovanna. It was sealed with black, for it announced the death of his wife at the baths. It had only arrived that morning.

"You have lost no time," said the cantatrice, endeavoring to conceal her feelings under an iron mask of reproach.

There was a pause. Each dared not speak.—The Count knew—but without actually and practically believing what seemed incredible—that Anielka and Giovanna were the same person—*his slave*. That terrible relationship checked him. Anielka, too, had played her part to the end of endurance. The long-cherished tenderness—the faithful love of her life could not longer be wholly mastered. Hitherto they had spoken in Italian. She now said in Polish.

"You have a right, my Lord Roszynski, to that poor Anielka who escaped from the service of your wife in Florence; you can force her back to your palace, to its meanest work; but"—

"Have mercy on me!" cried Leon.

"But," continued the serf of Pobereze, firmly, "you cannot force me to love you.

"Do not mock—do not torture me more; you are sufficiently revenged. I will not offend you by importunity. You must indeed hate me! But remember that we Poles wished to give freedom to our serfs; and for that very reason our country was invaded and dismembered by despotic powers. We must therefore continue to suffer Slavery as it exists in Russia; but, soul and body, we are averse to it; and when our country once more becomes free, be assured no shadow of Slavery will remain in the land. Curse then our enemies, and pity us that we stand in such a desperate position between Russian bayonets and Siberia, and the hatred of our serfs."

So saying, and without waiting for a reply, Leon rushed from the room. The door was closed. Giovanna listened to the sounds of his rapid footsteps till they died in the street. She would have followed, but dared not. She ran to the window. Roszynski's carriage was rolling rapidly away, and she exclaimed vainly, "I love you, Leon; I loved you always!"

Her tortures were unendurable. To relieve them she hastened to her desk, and wrote these words:—

"Dearest Leon, forgive me; let the past be for ever forgotten. Return to your Anielka. She always has been, ever will be, yours!"

She despatched the missive. Was it too late? or would it bring him back? In the latter hope she retired to her chamber, to execute a little project.

Leon was in despair. He saw he had been premature in so soon declaring his passion after the news of his wife's death, and vowed he would not see Anielka again for several months. To calm his agitation, he had ridden some miles into the country. When he returned to his hotel after some hours, he found her note. With the wild delight it had darted into his soul, he flew back to her.

On regaining her saloon a new and terrible vicissitude seemed to sport with his passion:—she was nowhere to be seen. Had the Italian cantatrice fled? Again he was in despair; stupified with disappointment. As he stood uncertain how to act in the midst of the floor, he heard, as from a distance, an Avet Maria poured forth in tones he half-recognized.—The sounds brought back to him a host of recollections; a weeping serf, the garden of his own palace. In a state of new rapture he followed the voice.—He traced it to an inner chamber, and he there beheld the lovely singer kneeling, in the costume of a Polish serf. She rose, greeted Leon with a touching smile, and stepped forward with serious bashfulness. Leon extended his arms; she sank into them; and in that fond embrace all past wrongs and sorrows were forgotten! Anielka drew from her bosom a little purse, and took from it a piece of silver. It was the rouble. *Now*, Leon did not smile at it.—He comprehended the sacredness of this little gift; and some tears of repentance fell upon Anielka's hand.

A few months after, Leon wrote to the steward of Olgogrod to prepare everything splendidly for the reception of his second wife. He concluded his letter with these words:—"I understand that in the dungeon beneath my palace there are some unfortunate men, who were imprisoned during my father's life-time. Let them be instantly liberated. This is my first act of gratitude to God, who has so infinitely blessed me!"

Anielka longed ardently to behold her native land. They left Vienna immediately after the wedding, although it was in the middle of January.

It was already quite dark when the carriage, with its four horses, stopped in front of the portico of the Palace of Olgogrod. Whilst the footman was opening the door on one side, a beggar soliciting alms appeared at the other, where Anielka was seated. Happy to perform a good action, as she crossed the threshold of her new home, she gave him some money; but the man instead of thanking her, returned her bounty with a savage laugh, at the same time scowling at her in the fiercest manner from beneath his thick and shaggy brows. The strangeness of this circumstance sensibly affected Anielka, and clouded her happiness. Leon soothed and re-assured her. In the arms of her beloved husband, she forgot all but the happiness of being the idol of his affections.

Fatigue and excitement made the night most welcome. All was dark and silent around the palace, and some hours of the night had passed, when suddenly flames burst forth from several parts of the building at once. The palace was enveloped in fire it raged furiously. The flames mounted higher and higher; the windows cracked with a fearful sound, and the smoke penetrated into the most remote apartments.

A single figure of a man was seen stealing over the snow, which lay like a winding-sheet on the solitary waste; his cautious steps were heard on the frozen snow as it crisped beneath his tread. It was the beggar who had accosted Anielka. On a rising ground, he turned to gaze on the terrible scene.—"No more unfortunate wretches will now be doomed to pass their lives in your dungeons," he exclaimed. "What was *my* crime? Reminding my master of the lowness of his birth. For this they tore me from my only child—my darling little Anielka they had no pity even for her orphan state; let them perish all!"

Suddenly a young and beautiful creature rushes wildly to one of the principal windows: she makes a violent effort to escape. For a moment her lovely form, clothed in white, shines in terrible relief against the background of blazing curtains and walls of fire, and as instantly sinks back into the blazing element. Behind her is another figure, vainly endeavouring to aid her,—he perishes also; neither are ever seen again!

This appalling tragedy horrified even the perpetrator of the crime. He rushed from the place; and as he heard the crash of the falling walls, he closed his ears with his hands, and darted on faster and faster.

The next day some peasants discovered the body of a man frozen to death, lying on a heap of snow,—it was that of the wretched incendiary. Providence, mindful of his long, of his cruel imprisonment and sufferings, spared him the anguish of knowing that the mistress of the palace he had destroyed, and who perished in the flames, was his own beloved daughter—the serf of Pobereze!—*Household Words.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

BULLETIN OF GENERAL LOPEZ.

OUR Savannah correspondent informs us that the subjoined bulletin is posted up in the coffee-room of the City Hotel, to which GENERAL LOPEZ, after being discharged by JUDGE NICHOLS, was escorted, amid the acclamations of the multitude:—

"CITIZENS!

"We have bin and offered the blessins of our free institutions to the enslaved and benighted Cubans. We found we was a castin our pearls afore swine. But I estimate we've larnt 'em what it is to slight the advances of ginnerus republicans. Oh, yes! I reckon we've read 'em a lesson in manners. Eternal History will pint to the Cuban expedition from New Orleans. It is a go as Posterity will never obliviate.

"Our little band of heroes arrove at Cardenas with the olive branch in one hand and the bagganet in the other. Their fraternal overtoors was met by a charge of Lancers. Our gallant fellers was riled with sitch ongratitude. They paid back the enemy noways slow. It was shot for shot, slash for slash, dig for dig, slockdolger for slockdologer. In less than no time we had chawed up the whole troop, and left nothin of the biggest on 'em but a little grease-spot.

"We marched on victorious to within six yards of the Governor's, where showers of balls from the housetops rained, hailed, and snew upon us. They galled our army considerable, but no wus. COLONEL WHEAT came in for a sprinkle of the pepper, and a spice or two on it stuck in COLONEL O'HARA.

"After an hour's fitin, the Govennor and his staff knocked under, and histed the white flag. We sot fire to his house, and locked our prisoners up in the barracks, and then went and let the convicts out of gaol.

"The enemy havin cleared off, leavin us masters of the city, we calculated we had licked 'em elegant, but when the evenin come they again riz. Two hundred horse was the amount of their squad, and by the time he had done with them, we had whittled 'em down to a dozen. Twelve of our fearless warriors breathed out their magnanimus sperrits on the field of glory.

"LIEUTENANT JONES, of Alabama, had daylight let through his side, but the bullet cleared his vitals. CAPTAIN LOGAN, Kentucky, and QUARTERMASTER SEIXAS, of Miss., have bin took from us. MAJOR HAWKINS, Kentucky, was wounded serious, but the Major has been spared.

"Nothin would have made us pause in our career of victory, but overwhelmin numbers. The convicts we had extended the blessins of liberty to, refused to jine us, not bein the rogues we took 'em for. Not meetin with the sympathy we expected, we indignantly absquotilated. We fit our way backards to the steamer *Creole*; and I guess that arter ages will locate this here exploit alongside of GENERAL MOORE'S, and call it the American Co-runner.

"Head Quarters, City Hotel, Savannah.

(Signed) "LOPEZ."

—*Punch.*

EXCLUSION OF WEAPONS OF WAR FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—The friends of peace and international brotherhood seem disposed to avail themselves of the standing which the peace cause has attained, and to promote, directly and indirectly, the progress of "the good time coming," when

"The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord."

The Liverpool Peace Society has presented an address to the Prince Consort, embodying a "respectful and sincere vote of thanks," for his admirable speech at the Mansion House, which they characterize as containing a "sententious embod